BOOKS Printed for C. Hitch and L. Hawes, S. Crowder and Co. and C. Ware.

LEtters written by a Turkiſh Spy, who lived 15 Years undiſcovered at Paris. Written originally in Arabic, tranſlated into Italian, from thence into Engliſh, and now publiſhed with a large hiſtorical Preface and Index to illuſtrate the whole. By the Tranſlator of the firſt Volume. In eight Volumes in 12mo. Price bound 1*l.*

2. A New Treatiſe of Arithmetick, in two Parts. Containing 1. A Syſtem of the Art in Memorial Verſes and Dictionary-wiſe, for the readier learning, conſulting, and recollecting of the ſeveral Articles. The whole more commodious than any, and more comprehenſive than all that have yet been calculated for the Uſe of Schools. 2. A Collection of *Exerciſes*, accommodated to the various Occaſions of Buſineſs, and contriv'd for the Eaſe of *Teachers*, being diſpoſed partly (under each Rule) alphabetically for the readier Recourſe; partly (under all) promiſcuouſly for the *Severer Trial*. By J. Lowe, Schoolmaſter at *Hammerſmith*. Price bound 2*s.* 6*d.*

3. A New Diſcourſe of Trade, wherein is recommended ſeveral weighty Points, relating to Companies of Merchants. By Sir Joſiah Child, Baronet. Price bound 3*s.*

4. Stereometry, or the Art of Gauging made eaſy, by the Help of a Sliding Rule. By Thomas Everard, Eſq; the 10th Edition, carefully corrected, with very large and uſeful Additions, by C. Leadbetter. Price bound 2*s.* 6*d.*

To be the best Beloved of a King,
I vainly thought to be so vain a Thing;
That I, to gratify his lustful Pleasure,
To his Embraces gave my Virgin Treasure

The Unfortunate Concubines:

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

Fair *ROSAMOND*,

Miſtreſs to *Henry* II.

AND

ANE SHORE,

Concubine to *Edward* IV.

INGS of ENGLAND:

Shewing how they came to be ſo,

WITH

heir Lives, remarkable Acti-
ons, and unhappy Ends.

---

racted from eminent Records, and the Whole
uſtrated with Cuts ſuitable to each Subject.

LONDON:

ted for *C. Hitch* and *L. Hawes*, at the *Red-*
on, in *Pater-noſter-row*; *S. Crowder* and Co.
the *Looking-Glaſs*, *London-Bridge*. *C. Ware*,
the *Bible* and *Sun*, *Ludgate-hill*. 1760.

[Price bound, One Shilling.]

BOOKS Printed for C. HITC and L. HAWES, S. CROWDE and Co. B M

THE Gentleman's and Builder's Repoſit ry: Or, Architecture diſplayed, conta ing, The moſt uſeful and requiſite Problems Geometry. As alſo, The moſt eaſy, expeditio and correct Methods for attaining the Knowled of the Five Orders of Architecture, by eq Parts and fewer Diviſions, than any Thing hith to publiſhed. Likewiſe, A large Variety of D ſigns for Truſs-Roofs; with the Method of fi ing the Hip either ſquare or level. Alſo, The m certain and approved Methods of forming a Nu ber of deficient Stair-Caſes, with their twiſ Rails, *&c.* The whole embelliſhed, not o with fourſcore Plates, in Quarto, but ſuch V ety of Ceiling Pieces, Shields, Compartme and other curious and uncommon Decoratio as muſt needs render it acceptable to all G tlemen, Artificers, and others, who delight or practice the Art of Building. The Deſi regulated and drawn by E. HOPPUS, and en ved by *B. Cole.*

Where is likewiſe to be had, juſt publiſhed, with a Frontiſpiece curiouſly engrav'd, Price bound 2s.

A New General Introduction to TRADE BUSINESS: Or, *The Young* Merchant's *and* Tra man's MAGAZINE. Bei g an Aſſiſta YOUTHS on entring on *Apprenticeſhip*; deſi to prevent their loſing the Learning they hav quired, and calculated for a *General Inſtru* progreſſively through the various Branche *Trade* and *Merchandize*. By WILLIAM MA HAM, Schoolmaſter, and Author of *The Int tion to ſpelling and reading Engliſh.*

THE PREFACE.

WE have a Proverb in England, That many People talk of *Robin Hood*, that never ſhot in his Bow; *The meaning whereof is, that it is common for Perſons to have thoſe Men and Women often in their Mouths, of whom they know but very little: And this, I doubt not is as true of theſe two unfortunate Perſons, who are the Subject of the enſuing Hiſtory, as of any other whomſoever. They have in general a Notion of 'em that they were the Concubines of two famous Kings of* England; *but what was their Original, and by what Artifices they came to be brought into the Royal Arms of the reſpective Monarchs, are altogether Strangers to the Hiſtory of. And therefore a full Account thereof cannot but be the more acceptable.*

But there is another Reaſon that makes this Hiſtory more neceſſary. Which is, That it is yet recent in the Memories of moſt, that we have had Royal Miſſes, have lived in that Pomp and Splendor, (being made Peereſſes of the Realm, and holding the firſt Rank among the Nobility) as if their Honours had legitimated their Crimes. And that Adultery and Whoredom were no Sins, becauſe 'twas with their Prince that they committed it. 'Twas true indeed, the late Illuſtrious and Vertuous Queen Catherine *was of a milder Temper than Queen* Eleanor; *and was not ſo much diſturb'd at the Variety of Miſſes that were kept under her Noſe by King* Charles, *as the furious Queen* Eleanor *was with the Fair (but Unfortunate* Roſamond, *tho' her Extraction was more Noble, and her Beauty far tranſcending that of our late Miſſes; and tho' the Royal Miſſes were a vaſt Expence in the late Reign, yet there was none that fell foul upon them after the Death of thoſe Princes; thoſe*

I ha

that I have not heard that any of them did
ry so much Good, in the Time of their
the Favour with these Princes, as Jane
ha Shore did in that of hers with King
om Edward the Fourth, unless it was
esse Madam Gwin; who (how mean so-
fir ever her Extraction was) bore hed
hei Exaltation with less Pride, and di
mes more Good in her Station, than any
edo of the rest; being exceeding charitable
wit to them that were in Want, and often
d it refreshing the Prisoners with her
rio Bounty, and for that Reason was
wa more acceptable to the People, than all
Ele the other Court-Mistresses, however
urb dignified and distinguished by their
wer ompous Titles.

arle Perhaps the Splendor of their Li-
wa ing and the Port they still bear in the
ate World, may make others, as well as
n w themselves, think they were guilty of
fa o Crime; but them that shall read
isse the following History, will find that
a v very Miss, how rich or poor soever
the be be, yet if she lives in Adultery
m and Whoredom, is as much, if not
thou more guilty, than Rosamond and
I ha

Jane Shore: *For of either of these it may be said, they sought not the Royal Favour; but endeavoured to avoid it, as much as possible; and were both of them betrayed by those whom they trusted;* King Henry *being brought into* Rosamond's *bed by her Governess* Alethea, *both without her Knowledge, and then while she was asleep: And as for* Jane Shore, *none could be more cautious and reserved than she; blaming her Husbands soft and easy Temper, in boasting of her Beauty, exposing her to the View of Strangers, and by that means bringing her first into the Presence of the King; altho' it must be owned he did not know him to be so. And after the whole Transaction, the false and treacherous Mrs.* Blague *was more to blame than she.*

Not that I hereby go about to excuse either of them as free from blame. For Rosamond *was willing to taste the Pleasures of the Court, and* [illegible] *perhaps believed she could have kept herself from the Pollutions of*

But she beforehand knew the King had a great Kindness for her; and had the fatal Consequence of it too plainly laid before her by her Parents, to make the least Defence for what she did by pleading Ignorance. And as to Mrs. Shore, *tho' I believe she never did at first design to go so far as she did afterwards, yet when the King in disguise met her at* Mrs. Blague's, *and there purposed to her unlawful Love, it was a fair* Item *to her to go there no more: She indeed blamed him for proposing it, but that was not enough, she should not have gone there again, but staid with her own Husband, and then she had done well. If we would be Innocent, we must not only avoid doing Evil, but all the Ways that lead to it.*

Let me therefore commend this History to the serious Perusal of all that would avoid the Occasions of Sin; for here they shall see, Lust is a Pleasure bought with Pain, a Delight catch'd with Disquiet, a Content past'd with Fear, and a Sin finished with Sorrow

And if any are ſo weak as to be ta
ken with the gaudy Trappings of Ro
alty, and glittering Pomps of t
Court, let them read on, and ſee t
dreadful Cataſtrophe of this imagina
ry Greatneſs, and then make a Judg
ment thereof, They that imagine R
ſomond *happy in her* Bower, *l*
them behold her trembling with a C
of Poiſon in her Hands, and in va
begging to be delivered from t
dreadful Draught: And when ſhe h
drank it, let them behold the Tr
umphs of Death over Beauty: An
ſee what Diſorders it makes in Na
ture, how her late beautiful Face
disfigur'd, and the Roſe on her Chee
all dead and withering, her Eyes di
torted, and her whole Body ſwelled u
and labouring under horrid Convu
ſions: And who would change Cond
tions with her now? And yet all th
is but the Shell and Out-ſide, the le
Part of the Wages of Sin.

And this we ought to be moſt cau
ous of becauſe as the Channels whi
Rivers have long time maintain

are hardly restrained of their Course; so Lust, in which we have been long plunged, is hardly purged;

So whilst some think Jane Shore *was happy in being belov'd of King* Edward; *and having such Crowds of Petitioners attending her; yet such will soon change their Minds, when they come to find her doing Penance through* Cheapside, *bare-foot and bare-legged, and afterwards gladly picking up the Refuge of the Dogs upon the Dunghill, and at last dying in a Ditch.*

BOOKS Printed for C. WARE, the *Bible* and *Sun*, on *Ludgate-Hill*.

THE whole Book of Pſalms: Collected i to Engliſh Metre, by Thomas Sternhol John Hopkins, &c. With the Uſual Hymns a Spiritual Songs: Together with all the ancie and proper Tunes ſung in Churches, with ſo of later Uſe. Compos'd in Three Parts, and to Muſick, on the New ty'd Note, in a mo plain and uſeful Method than hath been former publiſhed. By J. Playford, Price 3*s* 6*d*.

A New General Engliſh Dictionary. T Second Edition. By W. Pardon, Gent. Price

Dyche's Guide to the Engliſh Tongue. T Twenty-third Edition with Additions. Price

The Fables of Phædrus, render'd into famili Engliſh. The Second Edition, Price 1*s*.

The Youth's Guide to the Latin Tongu The Third Edition, Price 1*s*.

BOOKS Printed for C. HITCH an L. HAWES, S. CROWDER and Co.

THE Compleat Dancing-Maſter, in Tw Volumes; or Directions for dancing Cou try Dances, with the Tunes to each Dance f the treble Violin. The whole Work reviſed, an done on the New-ty'd Note, and much mo Correct than any former Editions, &*c*. Pri bound 7*s*.

2 The Inſtructor: Or, Young Man's b Companion; containing Spelling, Reading, Wri ing, and Arithmetick, in an eaſier Way than a yet publiſhed; and how to qualify a young M for Buſineſs without the help of a Maſter *George Fiſher*, Accomptant. Adorn'd with Cu and a new Frontiſpiece curiouſly engrav Price 2*s*. 6*d*.

THE History of Fair *Rosamond*.

CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Birth of King Henry the Second, and by what Means he came to the Crown, &c.

KING *Henry* the first of *England*, and youngest Son of *William* the Conqueror, had several Children; to Wit, Prince *William* his eldest Son, and *Richard* his youngest Son, and *Maud*

Maud or *Matilda*, and *Mary* Countes of *Perth:* But by an unhappy Accident loſt them all but *Maud*; who being married to the Emperor *Henry* the Fifth of *Germany*, was very happily abſent. The Matter was thus. The King having had Wars with the *French* King, and *Baldwin* Earl of Flanders, whom the *French* King had ſet on (for they were always a back Friend to *England*) there was near the Town of *Nice*, a great Battle fought between them, which continued for nine Hours; in which, tho King *Henry* got the Victory, yet was he ſo hard put to it, that he confeſſed he fought not then for Victory, ſo much as for Life. To prevent therefore any more ſuch bloody Battles, whilſt he was Victorious, there were Overtures of Peace made him, which he hearkened to; and ſo it was concluded: To ſtrengthen which, there was a Marriage made between *William* the King's eldeſt Son, and the Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou*; at the Solemnization whereof there were very great and royal Feaſtings: But in their Return for *England* the King went firſt, and his Children in another Ship after him; But ſome of the Nobles that attended the Prince ſtaying

ſtaying a little behind the King, to take their Leaves, were very merry with their Friends, and by that Means the Mariners got ſuch Plenty of Wine, that they were for the moſt part made very drunk; and coming away with full Sail, in Hopes to have over-taken the King, they run upon the Shallows, where the Ship beating along by the Violence of the Wind and Waves, foundered; yet the Prince with his fair Bride, and many others, got into the Long-Boat, and put off: But to hear the dreadful Cries of thoſe that were left in the Ship and were juſt a ſinking, would have almoſt pierced a Heart of Stone, eſpecially to conſider, how ſoon their Mirth was turned into the moſt lamentable Mourning: But amongſt all their Cries, there was none made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon the Prince, as thoſe of *Mary* the Counteſs of *Perth*, his Siſter, whom he dearly loved, who cryed out moſt pitifully to him, to take her in his Boat, and not ſuffer her to periſh in the Waters; he commanded the Seamen to row back and take her in; which they attempting to do, as ſoon as they came near, many others who were as willing to ſave their

Lives

Lives as the Prince was his Siſter's, laying hold of the Boat, and neither Words nor Swords being able to make them let go, ſunk the Boat, and ſo they all periſhed together; the Prince and his fair Lady making their Bride-bed in a watery Grave, with him periſhed alſo *Richard*, his younger Brother, *Mary* the Counteſs of *Perth*, his ſiſter *Lucia*, his Niece and her Huſband the Earl of *Cheſter*, with many other Perſons of Quality; leaving behind them a ſad Inſtance of the Mutability of Fortune, and the Uncertainty of human Life. There were only three or four of the Seamen that ſwam to the Shore upon Planks, who were the ſad Relaters of this Tragical Ship-wreck, which filled the Court with the deepeſt Mourning, and the whole Nation with an univerſal Heavineſs.

The King's Children (all but *Matilda* before named) being thus unhappily loſt, and the Emperor her Huſband dying without Children, ſhe was again married to *Jeffery Plantagenet*, Earl of *Anjou*, and Heir to *Fulk*, Earl of *Anjou* in *France*; by whom ſhe had Iſſue three Sons, viz, *Henry*, *Jeffery*, and *William*. And now King *Henry* [illegible] make

make the Crown ſure to his Daughter and her Children, ſwore the People of *England* three times, to be true and faithful to his Daughter *Maud* and her Heirs, and with their Lives and Eſtates to oppoſe their Enemies, and ſettle the Crown in his Line after his deceaſe: But he dying, and being buried in the Abby of *Reading*, which he had founded, *Stephen*, Earl of *Bloys*, Son to *Adelo*, Daughter to *William* the Conqueror, ingratiating himſelf with the Nobles, and giving large gifts and immunities to thoſe of the lower Rank, got himſelf crowned King; upon which, bloody Wars enſued, till at laſt it was agreed, that King *Stephen* ſhould have the Crown during his Life, and that *Henry* ſhould ſucceed; and *Stephen* ſoon after dying of Grief, for the untimely Death of his own Son; *Henry*, who was then victoriouſly warring in *France*, came over, and was attended by a great Number of the Nobility; and was three Times crowned, *viz.* by *Theobald*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, at *Weſtminſter*, at *Lincoln*, and laſtly, at *Worceſter*; and ſoon after he married the Princeſs *Eleanor*, Daughter to the King of *Caſtile* and *Arragon*, by whom he had four Sons,

viz. Henry, Richard, Jeffery and *John*. And in the beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquered *Ireland*, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom. Warring often with the *French*, *Scotch* and *Welch*, as also with his Sons whom the *French* King stirred up to rebel against him in *Normandy*, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But to pass over further Matters of State, I come now to speak of his Love to fair *Rosamond*, which is to be the chief Subject-Matter of this Book.

CHAP

CHAP. II.

How King Henry, *though married to Queen* Eleanor, *hearing of the Beauty of fair* Roſamond, *became enamoured of her: How he took a Progreſs to her Father's Houſe, &c.*

KING *Henry* the Second was a very amorous Man tho' a great Warrior, and much given to take Delight

viz. Henry, *Richard*, *Jeffery* and *John*. And in the beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquered *Ireland*, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom: Warring often with the *French*, *Scotch*, and *Welch*, as also with his Sons whom the *French* King stirred up to rebel against him in *Normandy*, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But, to pass over further Matters of State, I come now to speak of his Love to fair *Rosamond*, which is to be the chief Subject-Matter of this Book.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How King Henry, *though married to Queen* Eleanor, *hearing of the Beauty of fair* Roſamond, *became enamoured of her: How he took a Progreſs to her Father's Houſe,* &c.

KING *Henry* the Second was a very amorous Man tho' a great Warrior, and much given to take Delight

in

in the Converſation of fair Ladies with which his Court abounded, every one being willing to humour the Inclination of their Prince: And he once taking Occaſion to commend with more than ordinary Paſſion, a Lady's excellent Features to one of his Courtiers, whom he highly eſteemed for his Valour, he very freely gave him his Opinion of the Lady in this Manner: Your Majeſty has indeed Judgment in Beauty; the Lady you mention is fair and charming I confeſs, but for a King ſo highly to extol her, I ſee no ſuch Perfections in her, that deſerve ſuch Praiſe from ſo noble a King: But if with humble Submiſſion I may ſpeak, I could tell your Majeſty, I have a Neice, though but young, who, in my ſmall Judgment of Beauty, as far ſurpaſſes this Lady, as ſhe excels the meaneſt Beauty of your Court; her Eyes ſparkle like two Twin Stars, with ſuch piercing Rays, that dazzle thoſe that venture to gaze on them; her Forehead is like a Heaven of Chryſtal above them; and her Eye-brows ſhine like Jet, and are arched like the Rainbow; a Spring of Roſes and Lillies are in her Cheeks, ſo mixed, that kind Nature

never

never before made ſo fair a Mixture of the pureſt White and Red; her Noſe a little riſing exceeds that which *Apelles* painted *Venus* with, as the chiefeſt Ornament of her Beauty; her Lips exceed the Coral whenever ſo finely poliſhed, ſoft as the Crimſon Velvet, hiding two rows of Orient Pearl; her Chin, which with a little Dimple adds Beauty to the reſt, and makes her Face a perfect Oval; her riſing Breaſts are like two Hills of Snow, and her pretty Hands excel in Whiteneſs the Alabaſter, and ſo ſpread and branched with various Veins of Azure, that the Blood in them might be ſeen through the ſoft tranſparent Skin: To be brief, ſhe is the Maſterpiece of Nature, who when ſhe made her cryed, *A lucky Hit*, and threw away the Mould, that none ſo lovely, fair and charming might come after, to dazzle the Eyes of Men, and wound their Hearts. The King hearing this Relation, could not but ſmile for Joy, and demanded of him in what Corner of the Kingdom ſo great a Beauty could be hid; and if he might not ſee her to be ſatisfied whether the Deſcription he had given, would agree to the Perſon; or whether his Affection did not wrong

his

his Judgment? To this the Courtier, who perceived he had gone too far, and that the King began to be enamoured on the bare Report, would fain have drawn in his Words again; but it was now too late, nor did he know how to excuse what he had said: However he replyed, He indeed had made this Relation only to set out a perfect Beauty to the Life; begging his Pardon and Excuse: But the King perceiving by the Coldness of his Reply, there was more than ordinary in it, grew angry, and told him he trifled with him, and charged him on his Allegiance to tell him the Truth, when fearing the King's Displeasure, the Courtier plainly said, there is such a Lady, Daughter to *Walter* Lord *Clifford*, and of my Sister, his Lady, living at *Godstow*, in *Oxfordshire*, of whom many worthy Persons have been enamoured, and sought her in Marriage; but have been refused, because her tender Heart is yet uncapable of Love; and this I affirm is the Truth, on the Forfeiture of my Head: As for the Name of this fair Creature, it is *Rosamond*; and indeed she is rightly nam'd, for she is, if I have Skill in Beauty, the peerless

Rose

loſe of the World. While they were us diſcourſing, Queen *Eleanor* came visit the King, which broke off any rther Talk about her; nor needed e King any more, for his Heart was ſſeſs'd with a Deſire to ſee her, that could hardly ſleep a Nights for inking of her.

It was not long e're the King reſolv- to invite himſelf to her Father's louſe, and to that End took a Progreſs to *Oxfordſhire*, attended only with ſome uſty Courtiers, and was highly wel- omed by the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, who fearing what his Deſign was, rdered their Daughter not to appear in is Preſence: But the King ordering ne of his Attendants to enquire of the ervants to know if ſhe was at home; nd finding ſhe was, demanded to ſee er, vowing he would not dine till he ad. So that all their Excuſes of Ill- eſs, and the like availed nothing; then he was ordered to put on her beſt Ap- arel, and come down, that ſhe might ay her Duty to the King; which ſhe id in the moſt courtly Manner, her Bluſhes, if poſſible adding to her Beau- y: So that at the firſt Sight ſhe ap- peared in his Eyes like an Angel,

where-

whereupon he eagerly saluted her; an
Dinner being placed on the Table, h
commanded she should sit down cau
ing her to be placed directly ove
against him, on whose pretty Eyes h
so long gazed, that he forgot often
times to eat, taking in a long Draugh
of Love, which in the End, prove
the Ruin of Fair *Rosamond*, by th
Jealousy of his furious Queen, as i
the Sequel of this History will ap
pear.

CHA

CHAP. III.

How King Henry *won the Love of Fair* Roſamond *by rich Preſents, and bribed her Governeſs to favour his Deſigns: How he went to* France *to ſubdue his Foes; the Letters that paſſed between him and his Miſtreſs, with other Matters.*

THE King having been highly entertained by the Lord *Clifford*, Father to fair *Roſamond*, for three Days together, he had ſeveral Opportunities to diſcourſe in Private with the

charming Virgin, whom he so much won upon with Presents of rich Jewels and other costly Things, that he raised an Ambition in her tender Breast, that before was a Stranger to it, to glitter near a Throne, though but in a Tinct Splendor; for she was not ignorant he was already married, and that his Queen she could not be; though he often protested, if that Vacancy happen'd, he would raise her to the Dignity of the Crown. He also bestowed his Gold liberally on her Tutoress, or Woman, who had the Care of her Education; which so blinded her Eyes and prevailed over her Conscience that she promised him to do all that was in her Power with the young Lady, to further his wished for Happiness. And so having given Store of Gold to all the Servants, he took his Leave of his fair Mistress with many endearing Kisses; which he had not sooner done, but that he heard Troubles were again risen in his Territories beyond the Seas, which required his Presence to allay and settle.

The King soon raising a gallant Army, passed into *France*, the Terror of whose Name so daunted his Enemies

that they quickly fled, leaving the Towns and Places they had ſurpriz-ed, to his Obedience. Yet in the midſt of Wars, Blood, and Slaughter, his Love prevailed, and made him write to Fair *Roſamond* in theſe Words:

Fair Lady,

INſpired by the remembrance of incomparable Beauty, to which King is a Captive; I have never made my Enemies feel the Effects of my Anger, and mourn in Tears of Blood, my haſty parting from you, my Guardian Angel, whoſe bright Idea being ſtill before me, made me a Conqueror whereſoever I came: 'Tis you whom I hold dearer than all the Glories of a Crown: Permit me fair One, to aſſure you, my Stay ſhall not be long, and when I return, I'll place you in a glittering Sphere above the Reach of thoſe you dread. In the mean while, let a languiſhing King prevail in his ſuit, when he begs a Line or two of Comfort from your dear Hand.

HENRY, R.

This Letter ſomewhat ſurprized the young Lady, and filled her with Fears, and Irreſolutions, not well knowing how ſhe ſhould behave herſelf in ſo weighty a Matter, and nearly concerning her good Name, Fame and Chaſtity; yet the glittering Proſpect of Greatneſs and Honour, pleading on the other Hand, ſhe reſolved to ſhew it to her Tutoreſs, who had not been negligent in ſoliciting her to accept the King's Love and Favour, as he had left directions with her to do; expecting hereby Advancement to herſelf, if ſhe ſhould be but effectually inſtrumental in bringing it to paſs.

She no ſooner read the Letter, but ſmiling in her Face, ſaid, My dear Child, You may now well ſee, that all the happy Conſtellations agree, that ſo excellent a Beauty as yours, muſt not be enjoy'd by a mean Perſon; you are made for a Queen, and in yielding now to Fortune promiſed, a large Step towards a Throne: You may perceive a *Jove* deſcending in a Golden Shower, to make you rich and glorious as *Diana*, tho' ſhe was the Daughter of a King. Lay aſide your Bluſhes, and ſend him a comfor-

able Anſwer: Let not too much modeſty hinder you of ſo great an Honour, as being the Miſtreſs of ſo noble a King.

This made her Bluſhes come and go, long ſtruggling within herſelf, till at laſt this crafty Matron uſed ſo many preſſing Arguments, that ſhe returned the following Anſwer.

Great Sir,

'TWAS with no ſmall Aſtoniſhment I read a Letter ſubſcribed with your royal Name, and ſent to me, as I ſuppoſe by your own Hand; but am altogether ignorant of any ſuch Power in me, as to make a Captive of a King: But could not I confeſs, read without ſome Pleaſure, that my Idea, *as your Majeſty is pleaſed to flatter me, ſhould have an Influence in making your Majeſty a Conqueror over your Enemies. Yet may it pleaſe your Majeſty, I cannot but intereſt myſelf ſo much in your Affairs, as to rejoice when you are Victorious, and be glad of your Succeſs: But as to my being placed in a glittering Sphere, above the reach of thoſe I dread, I neither underſtand it, nor dare I*

myself the Liberty of thinking what your Majesty's meaning may be therein: But as I know I deserve no such Promotion, so neither do I desire it: And as my own Innocency, so your Majesty's Royal Goodness is sufficient to keep me from any thing intended by it, that is incompatible with the strictest Rules of Honour and Virtue. And therefore, praying for your Majesty's Happiness, Prosperity and Safe Return, I beg leave with the humblest Submission, to subscribe myself,

May it please your MAJESTY,

Your ever Dutiful and

Most Obedient Subject,

and Humble Vassal,

ROSAMOND.

Having got this Letter from the Innocent young Lady, she took care to send it safely to the King, according to the Directions left her, inclosing it in one written by herself to the King, at the same Time, unknown to

Rosamond

Roſamond, which ſpoke the following Language.

To the KING.

I

Dread Sovereign,

'BOTH *my own Inclinations to* ſerve *your Majeſty, as is my Duty, and your Majeſty's Royal Bounty, has made me leave no Stone unturned to make fair* Roſamond's *hitherto inflexible Virtue give place to your Majeſty's Pleaſure; nor have the Pains I have taken been altogether without Effect, as your Majeſty will ſee by the incluſed, which I have perſwaded her to write to your Majeſty; which being her firſt Eſſay, is ſufficient to demonſtrate, that ſhe has no Averſion to your Majeſty; which tho' it ſeems not to promiſe much, yet I doubt not to cultivate it to a Paſſion worthy of ſo great a Prince as your Majeſty; for your Majeſty will eaſily diſcern, that there are ſome ſparks of Affection couch'd therin, which I will uſe all the Means that lie in my Power, to blow up into a violent Flame: For that ſhe may meet you with open Arms,*

'*give you that Satisfaction which your*
'*Majesty so earnestly desires, shall be the*
'*unwearied Endeavour of,*

Your MAJESTY's Obedient,
Dutiful Subject and Servant,

ALETHEA

The King having receiv'd the Letter, first read that of *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond*'s Governess, till he came to these Words, *As your Majesty will see by the Inclosed*; he then flung that out of his Hand, and greedily takes up the other (which was *Rosamond*'s) and reads it over and over; then kisses it, and reads it again; and then lays it down, and reads out *Alethea*'s, then takes up *Rosamond*'s, and reads it again; and is it so, says the King! Does *Rosamond* rejoice in my Success, and pray for my Prosperity and safe Return? then she is my own; and when I do return, I'll let her know in more endearing Terms, the Greatness of the Passion I have within my Breast, and what Returns I do expect from her. And to that purpose I'll soon make

n End of all that Buſineſs which de-
ains me here:

All other Love's henceforward I'll decline,
For now the Roſe of all the World is mine.

Pleaſed with theſe Thoughts, the
King made all the haſte he could to,
ut an End to thoſe Affairs that kept
im then in *Normandy*: But notwith-
tanding all his Endeavours to return
ddenly Home, the unnatural, and
ebellious Carriage of his Children,
ept him much longer there than he
ntended.

CHAP. IV.

How the Lady Clifford *discovered t*
Love that the King had for her Daug
ter, and after a severe Reprimand give
to Rosamond, *sent her away in privat*
How the King having got intelligen
where she was, caused her to be brough
to Court, &c.

THE King's Affairs keeping hi
in *Normandy* longer than he e
pected, it happened that the Lady *Cli*
ford going into her Daughter's Clos
ac

accidentally eſpy'd the King's Letter to *Roſamond*; at which being extreamly ſurpriz'd as knowing nothing of what had paſſed between them, called her Daughter to her, and aſked her, what was the Meaning of that Letter; *Roſamond* was as much ſurprized at that Queſtion, as her Mother was at the Letter, being put to ſuch a Non-plus that ſhe knew not what to Anſwer; and therefore made her Bluſhes paſs for one. Her Lady Mother taking her Silence for an Argument of her Guilt, took the Letter in her Hand, and went immediately to her Huſband the Lord *Clifford*, who had a very tender Love for *Roſamond*; and ſhewing him the Letter, he was exceedingly diſturb'd thereat, and ſo they both went to their Daughter's Chamber, and upbraiding her with being a Strumpet to the King, and taking away the only Comfort of their Lives, who look'd up on her as their chiefeſt Treaſure; ſhe kneeling down upon her knees, and ſolemnly proteſted to them, that ſhe was ſtill a pure and an unblemiſhed Virgin, and that ſhe never had yet given up herſelf to the King's Embraces, or thoſe of any other Perſon whatſoever: This Solemn Proteſtation

Proteſtation that ſhe made, ſomewha
appeas'd her Father's Anger, who wa
afraid it had been worſe: And ſeein
ſhe perſiſted in the Truth of what ſh
ſaid, he bid her for the Satisfaction o
his Mind, to tell the naked Truth, an
let him know how 'twas ſhe came b
ſuch a Letter. To which ſhe anſwer
thus:

'My Lord and Father, I muſt con
'feſs the King has made Love to me
'nor could I well avoid the hearing o
'it; For when he was ſo nobly treate
'here, how could I chuſe but enter
'tain him civily; and tho' I muſt con
'feſs, he gave me ſeveral Jewels o
'great Value, I thought they onl
'were the Teſtimonies of that Re
'pect he paid your Daughter, and no
'of any Love he had to me, till th
'laſt Day I ſaw him; and then indee
'he told me, That if his Queen ſhoul
'die, no other Perſon under Heaven
'ſhould fill her Place but me. But
'excuſed myſelf, if ever it ſhould hap
'pen ſo, as being a poor ſilly Maid
'and far unfit for ſuch a Prince's Bed
'Nor did I hear more of him, unt
'within this Fortnight, this Letter wa
'preſented to me by an unknow

'Hand

Hand, as I was going to the Chapel; not knowing it was from the King till I had read it, which whilſt I was doing, the Meſſenger withdrew himſelf. And now my honoured Father, I do deſire to know wherein I am Criminal, unleſs it be in not acquainting you; I had received a Letter from him?

Her Father having heard her, thus eply'd, "My only Child, my deareſt *Roſamond*, the Staff and Comfort of thy Father's Age, I am glad to find thou art ſtill Innocent: Let me adviſe thee Child to have a Care, and keep thyſelf Unſpotted as thou art: Gaze not too much on the bright Sun of Honour, leſt it ſhould make thee blind to thy own Deſtruction; for ſhould'ſt thou come to glitter near the Throne, it would be only with a faint Reflection, that would have in it neither Life nor Heat. What Honour would it be to have it ſaid, That *Roſamond* is King *Henry*'s Concubine, and for unlawful Love has loſt her Virtue? Conſider Child, if Chaſtity be gone, there's nothing left Praiſe-worthy in a Woman: Pride not thyſelf in being

‘ing Beautiful, it is falſly called ſo,
‘thou art not Chaſte; for though th
‘Body appear ne'er ſo fair, yet whithou
‘Chaſtity, it cannot be beautiful. Beau
‘ty is like the Flowers of the Spring
‘fair to the Sight, yet quickly fade a
‘way; but Chaſtity, is like the Sta
‘of Heaven, that always ſhine with
‘refulgent Brightneſs; There is a Di
‘ference between Love and Luſt, fo
‘one is as far diſtant from the other, a
‘Heaven is from Hell. And all th
‘King's Addreſſes unto thee, are th
‘Effects of Luſt, and not of Love
‘he has a Queen to whom hisLove
‘due; and think what jealous Rage wi
‘fill her Breaſt when ſhe ſhall kno
‘thou robb'ſt her of the King: Fo
‘Jealouſy is a Hell to the Mind, and
‘Terror to the Conſcience, ſurpaſſin
‘Reaſon, and inciting Rage. Thin
‘then my Child, what is it thou can
‘expect, in thy unlawful Love or ra
‘ther Luſt: Thou wilt be ſure to lo
‘thy Virtue, and Honour, thy Chaſt
‘ty, the Reputation, and which is moſt
‘perhaps thy Life; and which is mo
‘of all, thy Soul, without Repe
‘tance. If therefore thou wilt chan
‘th

'thy Virgin-ſtate, I will take care to 'get a Huſband for thee, with whom 'thou may'ſt live honeſtly; and that 'perhaps may be a Means to quench 'that Fire of Luſt thy Beauty may have 'kindled in the King, and make thee 'ſafe, and us thy Parents eaſy.'

Fair *Roſamond* gave great Attention to her Father's Words, aſſuring them with great Aſſeverations, that ſhe wou'd to the utmoſt of her Power, avoid whatever ſhould be diſpleaſing to them. But that as to the changing her Condition, ſhe did humbly deſire to be excuſed, for that ſhe had a Mind to live a Virgin.

Her Mother thereupon ſaid, '*Roſa-*'*mond*, it would be much more to 'my Satisfaction, and to your Fa-'ther's too, to ſee you married, for 'then I could believe you out of Dan-'ger; and you well know my Lord '*Fitz-Walter* has a Paſſion for you, a 'Nobleman of an Illuſtrious Family, 'as Wealthy too, as moſt Lords in 'the Kingdom; your Father would be 'glad of ſuch a Son-in-law, and ſo 'ſhould I, to ſee you ſo well married; 'and therefore, do not ſtand in your

own

'own Light, leſt you thereby, do make
'us both believe you have too great
'Kindneſs for the King.

To this *Roſamond* anſwered, She ſhould be willing to give them all the Satisfaction they deſired; but hoped they would not put her upon Courting my Lord *Fitz-Walter*, however well accompliſhed he might be; but that it was enough for her to Entertain him when he came to Court her. Her Father told her, as to that, he would take care that all things ſhould be managed to her Satisfaction; but when he came to Court her, he expected that ſhe ſhould treat him as a Perſon worthy of her Love, for he ſhouſd meaſure the Duty that ſhe paid to him, by the Reſpect ſhe gave to that young Gentleman. To which ſhe only anſwered, *ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould in no reſpect be wanting in her Duty.*

But while the good Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, were pleaſed in their deſigned diſpoſal of their Daughter, King *Henry* was returned from *Normandy*, having concluded all his Buſineſs there and made a Peace with *France*, and with his Sons. This made fair *Roſa-*

mond

ond very indifferent to the Lord *Fitz-alter*, who by Permiſſion of her Fa-er courted her; ſo that ſhe told him ainly, ſhe had a greater Kindneſs for im, than to expoſe him to the King's eſentment. For ſhe was ſure who-ver courted her, muſt undergo the An-er of the King. And this was ſuch Blow to the young Lord, as quickly oled his Courage, for that he had no ind to have the King his Rival. But efore he went away, he told her Fa-er how he had been diſmiſſed by *Roſa-ond*, who then perceiving there was o truſting unto what ſhe ſaid, reſolved o take another Courſe with her, and ve her from impending Ruin, though gainſt her Will; and to that End in wo Days Time, ordered a Couch and Horſes to be ready, and every Thing repared for a long Journey; and then alling for *Alethea*, fair *Roſamond*'s falſe Governeſs, of whom they then had ot the leaſt Miſtruſt, told her, their houghts of the King's Love to *Roſa-ond*, and to what Miſery it would ex-oſe her to; (at which ſhe ſhewed a moſt extream Surprize) and told her, hat in order to prevent it, they would

have

have her married to the Lord *Fitz-W*
ters, who, as she knew, had lat
courted her, and then in what Mann
she had dismissed him: And here *Aleth*
thought it time for her to speak a litt
lest too much Silence should betray h
Falshood; and therefore told ther
'She often wonder'd why she treate
'that young Nobleman with so muc
'coldness, as she had seen her do: An
'once, *said she*, I took Occasion to t
'her of it;' Madam, *said I*, I thi
you treat your Lover but indifferentl
As he deserves, said she, to me. D
serves! said I, I think my Lord *Fit*
Walter deserves a Lady of the greate
Fortune in the Kingdom, because h
Person and Estate will answer it. Yo
Judgment and mine differs, *Aleth*
said she, to me again: Besides I thi
my Beauty may deserve more than an
thers Fortune, although my own is n
contemptable. In short, I do expect
better Husband.

O *Alethea*! said the old Lord to h
'it was the King that *Rosamond* inte
'ed; Ambition has the Ascendant
'her Soul: And nought will serve h
'but the King's Embraces: This is

'Thi

Thing we would now prevent, and honeſt *Alethea*, thou muſt help us in it. Therefore, thou and ſhe, to Morrow Morning, muſt with all Privacy imaginable, depart from hence to *Cornwal*, unto a Kinſman's there, near to *Lanceſton*; there ſhe may live in Private undiſcover'd, and until the King's Affections are diverted, and placed upon ſome other Meritorious Beauty. And for your Care in attending, and watching her Waters, as we ſay, thou ſhalt not only have our Thanks, but be well rewarded alſo. I will be ſure, ſaid ſhe, to do my duty, and think you take the wiſeſt courſe to ſave your Daughter both from Shame and Ruin.

With that, the good old Lord preſented her with ſome broad Pieces of Gold as a Reward, as he thought, for her Faithfulneſs. And the next Morning, *Roſamond* and her Governeſs, a Woman, coached it away for *Cornwal*, and in a few Days came to her Kinſman's Houſe, where they were well received.

But when the Wolf is ſet to keep the Sheep, they are not very long like to

be

be safe: For *Alathea*, bribed largely
the King, was all this while the gr
Intreaguer in this Love-affair; w
took an Opportunity of sending to
King, a large Account of all Thin
that had passed; and how far they w
sent to take the Air; and she to wa
the Waters of fair *Rosamond*.

King *Henry* having this Intelligen
and thereby understanding how Thin
went, resolved to have her out of
their Hands; and thereupon sent
her Uncle to come to him presentl
Who being come, he told him he h
a Piece of Service to command him
which he would expect to be most pu
ctually obeyed. Her Uncle told hi
he hoped he would not question his
legiance, nor the Performance of
Duty to him; And therefore hum
did beseech his Majesty to let him kn
what service it was to do.

'Tis said the King, *to go immedia
to* Cornwal, *where at your Kinsma
near* Lancester, *you'll find your beauti
Kinswomen fair Rosamond*; present
with this Jewel from me; and use yo
best Endeavour to bring her to
Court, without her Parents knowled
ed.

Her Uncle ſeem'd a little ſtartled at Command ſo far from what he did pect, which when the King obſerved, o! my Lord, ſaid he, have I ſhock- ye then? Where's your Allegiance w?

Here in my Heart, reply'd her Un- , where it has always been; of which ur Majeſty ſhall ſoon be ſatisfied, by y Obedience. For he was loth the ing ſhould think he was unwilling to ey him, leſt he ſhould thereby incur s Diſpleaſure, and run the Riſque of ving thoſe great Offices he held un- r the King took from him. 'Twas ly for the ſake of thoſe he undertook e ungrateful Service, which the King poſed upon him.

Having received the King's Com- ands, away he goes to *Cornwal*, where nding of his Kinſwoman, according the King had told him, he made as he had called there by Accident, aving come down about ſome other uſineſs: Then told her how exceed- g glad he was to find her there. And ter ſome jocoſe Diſcourſe together, ſked her if ſhe would go up with him o Court, for he was ſure the King would

would make her welcome; which t
he only spoke to feel her Pulse,
found her willing to accept his Offe
and therefore without any more to
provided for her Journey a very no
Chariot; and so attended with her G
vernes, and a few trusty Servants,
brought her to the Court, and put
into those private Lodgings which w
before appointed by the King for
Reception.

Her Uncle having acquainted
King that she was come, and how
had disposed of her, he went that v
Night to give her a Visit.

And now seeing that Beauty in
full Bloom, which was but bloomi
when he saw her last, he was surpriz
with Wonder and Amazement: A
Rosamond, knowing it was the Ki
as she was kneeling down upon
knees, he run and took her up, w
this Exordium:

'O Fairest of Creatures under He
'ven! kneel not to me, for thy
'cellent Beauty, Commands all kn
'and Hearts to Bow to thee: {*
*Kissing her, as if he would have suc
away her Breath*} Welcome to

ſaid he, my ſweeteſt Roſe: Welcome to *Henry*'s Court, my deareſt *Roſamond*: All here, my *Roſamond* is at thy Command; for I no Servant have but what is thine. Then ſay, my ſweeteſt Roſe, what is it here that thou wilt aſk of *Henry*?

Then being ſilent, as expecting her reply, *Roſamond* anſwered thus:

'Under the Frowns of my offended Parents, I beg Protection at your Royal Hand, and that within your Court I may be Free.

'Free, ſaid the King, Alas, my *Roſamond*, 'tis I have reaſon to make that Petition; for you have long ſince made your King a Captive.

'Pardon me, gracious Sovereign, reply'd *Roſamond*, for if I've guilty been of ſuch a Crime, I am ſure it was a Sin of Ignorance.

To which the King reply'd, 'Ah *Roſamond!* You've made me Captive, but without a Crime; for it is your Beauty has inthrawled my Heart; that wondrous Beauty that is without a Parellel. And for that Protection which you beg, King *Henry* tells you, that you may command it, and it is

'the

' the higheſt Reaſon that you ſhou
' But tell me *Roſamond*, wherein cou
' you, whoſe very Thoughts are alwa
' Pure and Chaſte, unto your Pare
' give the leaſt Offence?

" Dread Sir, *reply'd fair Roſamond*, *gain*, my very being here is an Offen I came unto your Court without th Leave; and for that Reaſon your Pr tection aſk."

To which the King return'd, "I ha already ſaid, You ſhall command But ſure, *continued he*, your Pare were in the Wrong, to hinder you fr coming to the Court: Where ſho the peerleſs Sun of Beauty ſhine, but the Court, its true Meridian? And ſhut up thoſe Beams within a Corn that ſhould inlighten and irradiate whole Kingdom, muſt needs be a gr Error. However, *Roſamond*, here y are ſafe; for any he, let him be who he will, may as well take the Cro from off my Head, or pluck me fr my Throne whereon I ſit, as offer leaſt Injury to you; and I'll as much fend it."

To which fair *Roſamond* only repl I thank your Gracious Majeſty,

ill henceforth eſteem myſelf ſecure un-
er your promiſed Protection.

This Diſcourſe having paſs'd, a ſhort
ollation enſued, wherein the King
ewed himſelf extreamly pleas'd and
Roſamond herſelf ſeem'd very well con-
ented. After Supper the King told
er, that in Regard of the Fatigues of
er Journey, he would give her no far-
her Diſturbance that Night; but would
ddenly viſit her again, and charging
r Uncle to have a particular Regard
her, and ſee that ſhe wanted nothing
e deſired, he took his Leave of her
r that Time.

Alethea, who was her Governeſs, was
ith her ſtill, and did all ſhe could to
erſwade her to yeild to the King's
mbraces: But *Roſamond* ſeemed a-
erſe to it, what her Father had befor
id to her, running in her Mind.
owever, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all
e gallantry imaginable, according to
e Mode of that Age, and the King
ving made her a Preſent of ſome
ry rich Jewels, ſhe wore them all, to
ake herſelf appear more Beautiful and
lorious: Tho' to ſpeak truth, her
tive Beauty was ſufficient, without

any help from Art, to charm th
Greateſt Monarch in the World.

And now the King, who had tw
or three times viſited *Roſamond* as
Friend, began to be impatient of D
lay, and thought it was high Time
have ſome cloſe Converſation with he
and therefore coming one Evening
ſee her, (for he generally viſited her
an Evening for the greater Privacy)
accoſted her in theſe Terms;

I have hitherto flatter'd myſelf, m
ſweeteſt *Roſamond*, that you have had
Kindneſs for me, but now I begin
find I was miſtaken; for now I t
plainly ſee you have no regard for me.

How, ſaid *Roſamond*, ſomewhat ſu
prized: Can your Majeſty think I ha
no regard for my Protector, und
whoſe Royal Court I live here ſecret
If I have any way been wanting in m
Duty, or given your Majeſty juſt O
caſion for ſuch Thoughts pray let m
know it, that I may better pay yo
Majeſty the Duty I owe you. B
notwithſtanding what you have be
pleaſed to ſay, I can hardly belie
your Majeſty does think ſo.

He

"How is it possible, *reply'd the King*, I can think otherwise, when I've been your Captive, and yet you never go about to set me free? Have not I often told you, You have wounded me, and yet you never go about to apply that Sovereign Balm, by which my Wounds are only capable of being cured? And is not this next to a Demonstration, that you have but little Kindness for me?"

To this fair *Rosamond*, with Blushes that still render'd more fair, reply'd as follows: "Your Majesty is pleased to speak to me in Figures, but I am but a simple Maid, and cannot understand them. So far you seem to me from being a Captive, that you appear the only Man that is free. For were it otherwise, I would make myself a Captive to procure your Liberty, if that could do it. And did I see you wounded, if my own Blood could cure you, you should have it. Therefore Great Sir, I would not have you charge me so unjustly: For whilst you are at Liberty, and well, I do not see in what it is that I can serve your Majesty."

To this fetching a Sigh, the King made this reply: Ah *Rosamond!* I know you understand me well enough; but who is more blind, than those that will not see: But since you force me to speak more plainly, know it is your Beauty that has wounded me; and it is your Charms makes me a Captive to you, Love calls for Love; nor can my Wounds be cured without Enjoyment; if therefore you have the regard for me, your Words would seem to intimate, shew that it is real, by admitting me to your Embraces, and grant me the full Fruition of your Love."

Rosamond seemed extreamly disorder'd at what the King said last, and rising up, was going to kneel down, but the King would not suffer her, but pluck'd her up again, and said, "Kneel not my dearest *Rosamond*; it is I should kneel to thee--- I only ask------

Here *Rosamond* interrupting him, said, Ask for my Life Great Sir, and you shall have it; or any thing that is in my Power to give; But ask not for my Honour, nor to give up my Virgin Jewel for that is so precious, and so valuable

can never part with it, but to a Huſ-
and. My outward Form, is but the
aſket only; it is Virtue is the Jewel,
nd when that is gone, what Worth is
the other? Not a poor Peaſant would
teem that; much leſs is it a Preſent
or a King. Nor would your Majeſty,
I ſhould part with it, regard me af-
erwards but as a Strumpet. She that
as loſt her Honour, is but a faded
lower, how Gay ſoever ſhe appeared
efore; and like a clouded Diamond,
no Value. It is Virtue only is the
recious Jewel, that ever ſhines with
nclouded Luſtre. ——— *And then*
eeling down, ſaid thus: Then let me
eg you, Sir, to aſk no more, for that
hich I can never grant but to a Huſ-
and.

The King was mightily ſurprized to
ear ſuch Words from fair *Raſamond*,
whom he thought to make an eaſy
onqueſt: And was as much in love
ith her good Parts and Virtue, as he
as with her Beauty. But as he knew
ones with continual Dropping of the
Vater wear away, ſo he never doubted
ut with repeated Sollicitations, he
ight at laſt overcome this ſtubborn

Beauty. And therefore unto what sh
had last said, he thus reply'd:

Think not, my *Rosamond*, that it
Lust which makes me solicit for Enjoy
ment: No, no my Love is no suc
smoaky Fire, but burns as clear as V
stals at the Altar; nor would I as yo
say, receive that Gift that Virtue cou
not give me. Kings you know hav
a peculiar Prerogative, and move
Spheres above the common Ran
Their Priviledge it is to have ma
Wives, when Subjects are By Law co
fin'd to one: and therefore, thoug
Eleanor be Queen, yet *Rosamond* sha
reign as well as she, and ever in m
Heart command as Chief. We w
be married first my *Rosamond*, and th
I hope you will not scruple it.

I know not, Sir, said *Rosamon*
whether it be a lawful Thing to mar
one that has a Wife already, but
that can be proved I have nothing
object; for I have no Aversion to yo
Person, nay I have a Value for you
above others, both as a Man, and mu
more as you are my King and Sov
reign.

The King then gave her ſeveral kiſſes, with many Promiſes to make her happy, if ſhe agreed to what he had propoſed. And having left *Roſamond*, goes to *Alethea*, her Governeſs, for whom he had yet a great Reſpect, and told her, what Repulſes he had met withal from *Roſamond*, inſtead of that Enjoyment he expected. *Alethea*, as one that was Caſe-harden'd in Wickedneſs, told the King, That if his Majeſty pleaſed to follow her humble Advice, he ſhould not enter into any further Parlies with her, but that he ſhould find a far nearer Way to the Happineſs he deſired; for as to being Married, it would be both a dilatory Thing, and of no Avail, when it was done, as ſhe intended to inform *Roſamond*.

But what is the Way then that you would adviſe to? ſaid the King to her.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty, ſaid *Alethea*, the Way that I would have you to take is this: That you ſhould come into my Chamber to Morrow Night a little before Bed-time, and I will leave you there alone a while, till I have got

my Lady *Rosamond* to Bed; and whereas I lie with her every Night, I will delay the Time of my going to Bed as I sometimes do, till she is asleep; and then I will bring your Majesty into the Chamber, and you shall go to Bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not but before the Morning Light your Majesty will so satisfy her, that all her Anger will be over; and for the future your Admittance will be easy.

The King was very well pleased with this Contrivance of *Alethea*, and as a Token thereof, presented her with a rich diamond Ring, and told her, he would follow her Advice; and be with her incognito the next Night.

Alethea going afterwards to *Rosamond*, she told her what had passed between the King and her, and how the King had promised to Marry her: And asked, whether such a Marriage would stand good? *Alethea* told her, No; and that it would but enrage Queen *Eleanor* the more against her; For, said she, King's may indeed be allowed Concubines, but not more Wives than one; And though Concubines are not

married,

rried, yet are they counted next in
onour to the Queen, and take Place
all the Nobility.

Roſamond was pretty well pleaſed to
ar this, for Ambition had a great A-
ndant over her Soul: She was wil-
g to be Great, but loath to be thought
Whore, And therefore could not tell
w to brook the thoughts of the King's
ing with her; and therefore had a
ind to have gone back again to *Corn-*
l, rather than ſuffer herſelf to be de-
wered by the King. But *Alethea* told
r ſhe was ſafe enough where ſhe was,
d to be ſure the King would do no-
ing to diſpleaſe her. Whereupon
e reſolved to wait, and ſee what would
the Iſſue of her laſt Conference with
e King.

The next Evening the King came
Alethea according to Time, to
hom *Alethea* told what Diſcourſe
e had had with *Roſamond*; and how
e had talked of going back into
e Country: But I hope, *ſaid ſhe*,
ur Majeſty will make her of ano-
er Mind before To-Morrow Morn-
g.

You may be ſure, ſaid the King, I will not be wanting on my Part, A thereupon *Alethea* went to get *Roſam* to Bed, as ſhe was wont to do; An about an Hours Time, (which King's Impatience of Delay made h think an Age) ſhe came back again the King, and told him, That if pleaſed to follow her, ſhe would br him to *Roſamond*, who was in her B and aſleep.

The King needed no perſuaſions follow her, but went immediately her Chamber, and there ſoon diſro himſelf; and *Alethea*, taking her le of him, left him to manage his Buſin with *Roſamond*, according to his Diſcretion.

The King having ſhut the Do and locked it after *Alethea*, went in Bed to *Roſamond*, who was faſt aſlee not dreaming of the treacherous P that *Alethea* play'd. The King willing preſently to wake his charmi Miſtreſs, lay ſtill; but lying cloſer her than *Alethea* uſed to do, ſhe wak of herſelf, and not knowing but it *Alethea* that was in Bed with her, prithee Governeſs, ſaid ſhe, (for ſo

ed to call her, and such she thought
e was) lie further off a little, you
owd so close, as if you'd thrust me
t of Bed.

And now the King thought it a pro-
r Time to speak to her, and let her
now who it was that was her Bed-fel-
w; and thereupon bespeaks her thus.
My dearest *Rosamond*, it is not your
Governess, it is your King that lies so
close to you, (and thereupon embra-
ced her in his Arms) and sure you
need not fear that I would thrust you
out of Bed.

It is not easy to imagine how gre-
as the Surprize that *Rosamond* (
at this Discovery; and fain
ould have gotten out of Bed; but
ing held her fast, and would not
er go.

O Sir, said she, I could n
ink you would have served
us, when you assured me, that
our Court I should be safe a
ee.

Yes said the King, I know
romised it, and you shall find
a Tittle I will make goo

Word, for you shall be as free, a
safe as ever.

If it be so, said *Rosamond*, pray
me go, and give me leave to rise.

No, said the King, then I shou
break my Word; you cannot
more safe than in my Arms;
now I am sure nothing can injure yo

O Sir, consider, she reply'd aga
what can be more injurious to poor *R*
samond, than thus to have her Hono
taken from her?

Your Honour, said the King! I
the Fountain of Honour here:
what I take, I can restore again: N
can what I shall do, be in the least i
puted unto you; for it is I alone am t
aggressor; and therefore, if it be
fault, it is wholly mine; you are b
passive in it.

Come then thou rose o'th world; be
more coy,
But love's delights let's mutually enjoy:
The precious minutes let's no longer waste,
But love's delicious sweets let's freely taste;
The night will all thy conscious blushes hi
Imagine now that thou art Henry's *brid*
Who'll thee prefer to all the world beside.

Rosamon

Roſamond now found Reſiſtance wou' be in vain, and that ſince Things wer gone ſo far, ſhe had better oblige th King, than to deny him that which h would take, whether ſhe would or no And thereupon, without reſiſting an farther, ſuffered the King to do wha he pleaſed; which pleaſed the King ſ well, that before the Morning Light ap peared, he pleaſed fair *Roſamond* alſo and their pleaſing Embraces at laſt l them aſleep in one another's Arms, unt the Sun peeped in to ſee what they we doing, which having firſt awaked fa *Roſamond*, ſhe was ſurprized to find he ſelf naked in the King's Arms; whi ſummoned up all the Blood into her Fa and added a freſh Beauty to her Charm The King perceiving her ſomewhat d ordered, gave her good Words to ke her ſpirits up; ſaying, 'My deareſt *R ſamond*, as thou haſt thus obliged m doubt not but I will be always true thee. Thou ſhalt want nothing in Power to give: Thou haſt made m happy, though againſt thy Will; an to requite thee, I will willingly ma you ſo, if all that I poſſeſs is capab of doing it.' And thereupon ſealin

his Promises with many Kisses, he one more quenched his amorous Flame with substantial Joys.

For a Time these two happy Lovers often met, and enjoyed their wanton Dalliances in Private; but the Envy of some Court-ladies, to whom the King had been wont to shew the same Kindness, finding themselves now neglected for this peerless Beauty, being filled with Revenge and Indignation, did by their Whispers, soon spread abroad the King's Familiarity with *Rosamond*, not only in the Court, but Country also, so that the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, *Rosamond*'s Father and Mother, heard it with much grief; and those that had been her Tutors, were almost distracted, seeing they had irreparably lost their Hopes of enjoying so precious a Jewel, seeing she was now mounted on so high a Pinnacle of Honour, that she was above their reach. And the King, who knew his Love to be no longer Secret, not only smiled at the Complaints, and bitter Reproaches of the jealous Queen; but caused his Mistress to be sumptuously Attired

tired, appointed Servants to attend and wait upon her where-ever ſhe went; ſo that being decked in Silks, and Gold Embroideries, and Gems, ſhe dazzled the Eyes of all Beholders, who could eaſily diſtinguiſh between fair *Roſamond* and all the other Beauties of the Court; ſhe as far out-ſhining them, as the bright Beams of *Phœbus*, out-vies pale *Cynthia*'s Light, inſomuch that the Beauty of *Roſamond*, and her great State at Court, became the Table-talk of all the Nation.

The King, being every Day more and more pleaſed with *Roſamond*, that her Friends and Relations might be the better ſatisfied, promoted them to Honour, and gave them Places of Profit; and *Roſamond* became the only Interceſſor for all that wanted any thing to be done at Court; for whatever Favour ſhe aſk'd ſhe was ſure not to be denied; by which ſhe not only advanced and relieved many decayed Families, but often ſtood between Death, and ſuch as had incurred the King's Diſpleaſure, ſaving many that were condemned to die;

and in all Things she used those good Offices with her enamour'd Sovereign, as gained her a general good Esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of People whose loud Shouts and general Acclamations declared their Satisfaction.

CHA

CHAP. V.

How Queen Eleanor *plotted to destroy fair* Rosamond; *to prevent which, she is removed to a stately Bower at* Woodstock; *How the Queen to further her cruel design, caused her Son to raise War against his Father in* Normandy.

QUEEN *Eleanor* growing outrageous, when she perceived no kind Words nor Intreaties, mixed with Threats,

Threats, could wean the King h
Husband's Love from his new M
tress; and though he laboured oth
ways all he could to please and pac
her, yet she set her Engines on wo
to fright her from his Arms, and
the Safety of her Life inclose herself
a Nunnery, which according to th
superstitious Times was held so Sac
and Inviolable, that whoever enter'd
could not be taken out of it again;
not by the King, without committi
Sacriledge, and incurring the Po
Curse. But fair *Rosamond* shewing h
some Letters, threatning her Destruc
that were dropp'd in her Lodgings
purpose for her to find and read, there
to terrify and affright her from
Arms; such Enquiry was made abo
it, that some of these had done it, w
discovered by Similitude of Hands,
severely punish'd and many of the L
dies, who spoke distractingly of h
and gave her Affronts, were banis
the Court; Insomuch, that at leng
perceiving the King was in earnest,
solutely bent to defend his fair O
they gave over any further Projects
this Nature: And to prevent Violen
he appointed her a Guard to wai

at Home and Abroad; and to re-
ve her further from the Queen's
ght, that her Envy and continual
amours, if poſſible, might ceaſe, he
uſed a ſtately Palace, call'd, *The De-
htful Bower of* Woodſtock, *in* Ox-
rdſhire, to be built with great Coſt,
th all the cunning turnings and wind-
gs imaginable, far exceeding the *De-
lian Labyrinth* which he appointed for
r Country Retirement, when he
eaſed to take the Air.

This ſtately Bower had many Entries
d Paſſages under Ground, into which
ight came thro' narrow Stone Crev-
s, ſhaded with Buſhes not perceivable
thoſe that walked above, riſing with
oors in Hills far diſtant, to eſcape
om Danger, upon any timely Notice
ough the Place ſhould be ſuddenly
ſieg'd and ſurrounded; and within
is ſtately Bower were intricate Mazes
d Windings thro' long Entries, Rooms
d Galleries, ſtrongly ſecur'd with a
undred and fifty Doors. So that to
nd the Way out, and into the moſt
emote Apartments, the ſkilful Artiſt
ad left a Silver Clew of Thread,
ithout the Guidance of which, it was
ext to impoſſible to be done. About

this

this Bower were curious Gardens, Fou
tains and Wilderneſs, with all mann
of Delights for pleaſant Situation, a
Recreation, to furniſh it as anoth
Earthly Paradiſe, for ſo fair a Creatu
to inhabit; and thither the King oft
reſorted to ſee his beloved *Roſamond*.

But this more vexed the inrag
Queen, not only that ſhe ſhould ha
ſo famous a Palace, built on purpo
for her, but that the King ſtaid wh
Weeks in his Viſits, and left her to
tumbling and toſſing in much Perple
ty, whilſt another enjoyed the Embr
ces ſhe expected; wherefore ſhe co
ſulted with her Sons, now Men grow
how to be revenged; and after ma
Things argued, and conſidered, it w
agreed amongſt them, that Prince *R*
chard, afterward King of *England*, ſhou
go over and joyn with the *French*,
raiſe War againſt his Father in *No*
mandy, then belonging to the Crow
of *England*, which whilſt he effect
ſpeedily would withdraw the King
aid his Subjects, and ſubdue his En
mies, and ſo leaving his fair Miſtre
behind him, and *Roſamond* being deſt
tute of her chief Defence, might
open to their Plots and Contrivanc

inſt her Life, which while he was ſent, would be fruſtrated. Nor was nce *Richard* ſlow in this, but made a ce War, beat the King's Lieutenant, l took many Towns; which News ming to the King's Ear, rouzed him a Lion from his Den, and fi'll'd him h princely Reſolution of Revenge: is true indeed, thoſe different Paſſi- s of Revenge and Love, long ſtrug- d in his Breaſt; but Love at laſt ve Place unto his Honour, vowing Love ſhould make Revenge more rp. And therefore he reſolved to s the Sea, with a well diſciplin'd, l Royal Army.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How the King took his leave of fair Rosamond, to pass the Seas, and the great Sorrow she made for his Departure, with his comfortable Words to her: How he left her in the Care of her Uncle, and went to fight against his haughty Foe, &c.

THIS Resolution of the King, by means of the Keeper of her Bower came to the Ears of *Rosamond*, who

received with an inexpreſſible Grief:
r Soul was filled with Mourning, to
r it; her Heart was turned a Ward-
e of true Paſſion; the roſy Dye that
cked her bluſhing Cheeks grew pale,
l Clouds immur'd the muffled Skies
her reſplendent Beauty: So great her
rrow was, it even made the Stars for
y drop down from the Spheres, and
nthia in a gloomy Vale of Darkneſs,
hroud the pale Beams of her borrow-
Light: Had but Queen *Eleanor* be-
d her now, her Envy would have
len faſt aſleep, and Cruelty herſelf
ve fell a Weeping.

The King however, firm to his Re-
ves, being juſt ready to depart for
rmandy, went laſt of all to take his
eave of fair *Roſamond*, and to aſſure
r of his Love and Kindneſs: *Roſa-
nd* had ſome Notice of his coming,
d of the Errand he come about;
hen ſtrait her Eyes grew dim, and
own upon the Ground forthwith ſhe
ll, and every Object danc'd before her
the Maze of Death: Her Eyes were
oſed, and though ſhe ſat in Darkneſs,
ithout the Help of Light, her Beauty
ined.

The

The King came in, and found her
the Floor, in all the Storm of Gr
ſighing ſuch breaths of Sorrow, that
Lips, which late appeared like R
were now over-blown; and when
came a little to herſelf, ſhe poured fo
Tears at ſuch a laviſh Rate, that w
the World on Fire, they might h
drowned the Wrath of Heaven,
quenched the mighty Ruin. It wo
raiſe the Pity of a marble Breaſt, to
the Tears force through her lovely Ey
and lodge themſelves on her red m
muring Lips; Which after a ſmall
ſpite, faintly ſaid, 'Ah, deareſt Prin
'How cruel is unkind Fortune u
'Lovers, that we muſt ſo ſoon pa
'and my preſaging Soul forbodes ne
'to meet again in this World, if n
'you leave me to the irreconcila
'Hatred of my mercileſs Enemy, qu
'void of your Royal Shelter and P
'tection: O for this did I reſign myſ
'into your Arms, and gave my Virg
'Innocency, and unſpotted Treaſure
'your Will and Pleaſure! O is the
'no *Engliſh* General, truſty and valia
'enough to defeat, and ſcourge yo
'Rebels, but muſt you be ſeperate
'from your faithful conſtant *Roſamon*

'an

and venture your precious Life, which is now dearer to me than my own, and all the valuable Things in this World.'

She would have proceeded, but a ſighty Sorrow for a Time ſtopped the tterance of her Voice, and ſhe had llen to the Ground, had not the King tched her in his Arms tenderly em-acing her, and kiſſing her wan and ded Cheeks and Lips a thouſand mes: Then ſetting her down by him, ſaid, 'Faireſt of Creatures, thou faireſt, and moſt fragrant Roſe of all the World, afflict me not thus with thy Tears; but deareſt *Roſamond*, at my Intreaty, let them ceaſe to flow, and let not ſuch a mighty Sorrow im-pair thy lovely Beauties, you are not ignorant, how often I have been vic-torious over thoſe very Enemies, that now dare me forth to their Deſtruction: I cannot, but confeſs indeed, I am grieved to part with my ſweet *Roſe*; but adverſe Fortune proves an Enemy to us both, in conſtraining this unkind Seperation; but no doubt my Return will be ſpeedy, and with Succeſs, then the Laurel of Victory, I ſhall gain by dint of Sword, ſhall crown my

'faireſt Miſtreſs, and make her Sm
'when we meet again to renew
'Joys and Delights. In the m
'while, my precious Jewel, I
'wear thee on my Heart; nor ſh
'the rude Alarms of the War dr
'thy Image thence.'

To this *Roſamond*, with Tears flowing, and her ſnowy Arms caſt ab his Neck, replied, 'And why may 'I go with my ſo much-loved Lo 'I'll dreſs me like a Page, and wai 'you in all your Dangers; and w 'in the Heat of Battle, your preci 'Life, is in Diſtreſs, by the threatn 'Sword and Spear, I will boldly 'between, and by receiving the Wou 'that threaten you, guard your l 'with the Loſs of my own: Wai 'you in your Tent, and dreſs y 'Food in the Day, and at Night 'make your Princely Bed ſoft and 'to you; and take Delight to do 'all the Pleaſure that I can. O t 'me with you, for there is no 'Safety in the World for me, 'your royal Camp; but waiting 'you, my Life is Death.'

She would have proceeded, but King ſtopped her Voice with many

er Kiſſes, and interrupting her, ſaid, y faireſt *Roſe*, you are not fit to brook e toils of War; Ladies cannot endure e Fatigues and Hardſhips of Camps, ft Peace, and delightful Pleaſures, are oſt agreeable to their ſweet Tempers, erefore you muſt ſtay in *England*'s aceful Soil till I return. Then calling Sir *Thomas*, her Uncle, the truſty night, who had firſt given him an Ac- unt of her rare Beauty, he ſaid, Here, orthy Knight, I commit this ineſtima- e Treaſure to your ſole Care and Con- ct, my fair *Roſamond*; a Treaſure far ore valuable than a Kingdom; take you a ſtrong Guard for her Defence, d be careful, I charge you, as you ten- r your Life, that none be permitted ſee her till my return. And expect y fair Miſtreſs, I ſhall often write to u, and require your Anſwers. Alas, d ſhe, this Parting is worſe than Death, d I am afraid my Death will be the tal Iſſue of it. I am ſure the Soul and ody cannot part with ſo great Pain, as now part with you. Fain would I ſpeak e laſt Farewel, but cannot, there are many Deaths in that hard Word. o, Royal Sir, that I may know my rief; for Grief is but gueſſed while

you are ſtanding by: But I too ſo
ſhall know what abſence is: It is
Sun's parting from the frozen Nor
while I ſtand looking on ſome Icy C
to watch the laſt low Circles that
makes, till he ſinks down from Heav
Ah *Roſamond* reply'd the King to h
Methinks there is ſuch mournful Succ
in parting, that I could hang for e
on thy Arms, and look away my L
into thy Eyes. But I have far to
and muſt haſten. And ſo, ſaid *R*
mond again, if Death be far, for
is the Stage to which I now am goi
from whence I never, never ſhall retu
And ſo in Tears parted from e
other.

CHA

CHAP. VII.

ow upon the King's departing the Land, the Queen call'd a Council to debate the Deſtruction of fair Roſamond: *How they laid an Ambuſh near the Bower, and training out the Knight, who guarded it, ſlew him, and many others, when getting the Silver Clue, the Queen found fair* Roſamond *arrayed like an Angel, and compelled her to drink a Bowl of Poiſon, of which ſhe died.*

AIR, but diſconſolate poor *Roſamond*, gave a long Look after the

King, when he had parted from her; and just as he was out of Sight, (as if her sorrowful foreboding Soul had told her she should never see him more) she with a dismal heart-piercing Cry, threw herself down upon the Couch, and fell into a Swoon; from which when her Attendants had recover'd her, she so often fainted, that her Maids had much ado to keep Life in her; but when she was recover'd she gave herself up to Sorrow and Melancholy, refusing to be comforted for some Weeks, her Sleep still going from her; and when she slumber'd a little, she started, crying out *O save me, save me, here is the* Queen; *she has got to me at last*; and with the Fright awaked, scar'd and terrified with her Dreams. Nor was it without Reason, that *Rosamond* was thus afflicted in her Mind, for all this while, Queen *Eleanor* was plotting her Destruction. Which to effect, she first proposed to some Favourites, whom she had raised from a low Condition, to high Promotion; but they started at it as a Thing full of Danger, seeing if it were known, their Lives would surely be forfeited, and lost at

King's Return unleſs they fled the Land, and left all behind them, to the Ruin of Themſelves and Families. This ſo enraged the jealous Queen, that ſhe reviled them with a Thouſand Reproaches of Cowardice, and Ingratitde, for the many Favours ſhe had heaped upon them, which with ſome Perſuaſions, and large Offers, prevailed ſo far with ſeveral of her Domeſticks, that they vow'd to ſtand by her in any dangerous Attempt, if ſhe would but vouchſafe to be preſent at the doing of it, that ſo, if it were diſcovered, ſhe being the Conſort Royal, would eaſily come off from the Danger of the Laws, and they ſhelter'd under the Neceſſity of a poſitive Command, might have a more coloured Pretence and Excuſe, for having a Hand in the Matter; to this ſhe readily conſented; and it being in Summer-time, undertook a Progreſs, as ſhe gave out, for her Health, appointing at a ſet Time, her Conſpirators to hide themſelves in a Cave near the Bower, over ſhadowed with Trees and Buſhes, and at the Sound of a Horn, to ruſh out and do as ſhe commanded; which they ſwore

to observe: Whereupon she counterfeited a Letter, as from the King, to fair *Rosamond*, and being near the Bower, she hid herself in a Grove, and sent one of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver it to Sir *Thomas*, the Keeper of the Bower, and no other Hand, for such was the King's express Command; and when he had delivered it, immediately to blow his Horn.

This cunning Device took to her Wish, for the too credulous Knight, seeing as he thought, only a Post-boy, and the Spy from the Turret, who watchd the Roads, informing they were clear of any People, he came without the Gate, when immediately upon the Signal given, those in Ambush rushed upon him; with them he fought valiantly, being seconded by his Guard; but after many were slain on both Sides, being overpowered by Numbers, he was likewise slain himself. The Fight being over, and the Gates seized by her Party, the Queen came to the Palace, and getting the Silver Clue, she enter'd the Bower, causing all her Servants she found to be slain, and in the further-

most Retirement in a Chamber gilded, beauteous *Rosamond*, the Object of her hellish Spleen, all dazzling in Robes of Silver, adorned with Gems, shining bright like an Angel; at which Sight she sometime stood amazed, and began to melt into Pity; but her Jealousy soon reviving the Flame of Fury, with a stern Countenance, she said, "Have I found, thou graceless Wretch, who by thy Lewdness hast shamefully taken my Husband from me? Come lay aside your gaudy Trappings, and receive the Reward due to such as commit Crimes like yours."

Fair *Rosamond*, seeing the angry Queen before her, and hearing the sad dreadful Words, trembled from Head to Foot, when, rising from her Seat, she fell on her Knees before her, imploring Mercy and Pardon for her Offences, with a Flood of Tears, begging she would have Pity on her tender Years, and pardon a Crime she was constrained to act, and she would immediately cloister herself in a Nunnery, and see the King no more; or else abjure the Land: And if she had not deserved to live, yet she humbly besought her in Mercy [illegible]

tender Compaſſion to the Infant tha ſtruggled in her Womb, ſhe might live tho' in a Dungeon, till ſhe was deli ver'd, and then ſhe would willingl ſubmit to die, ſo that it might be ſave alive.

This laſt Requeſt, which ſhe conclu ded would move ſome Pity, the mor incenſed the enraged Queen: For hear ing ſhe was with Child, her Fury brok forth beyond all Moderation; when ſnatching up a golden Bowl which ſtoo on the Table, ſhe poured a Draugh deadly Poiſon into it, which ſhe ha brought with her, commanding he laying all Excuſes aſide, to drink up immediately; at which when ſh trembled, and begged Mercy wit Tears, the Queen pulled out a Dagge and held it to her Breaſt, ſaying 'You Harlot are you queeſie ſtomach ed? If yourdainty Pallate cannot reli Poiſon, ſee here, I have Steel fo your panting Breaſts, to rid you o of the World.'

The poor ſorrowful Lady perceivi there was no Remedy, but ſhe muſt di ſtood upon her Feet, and with abu dance of Tears, and piteouſly wringi her Hands, begged Mercy of God

her youthful Sins and Failings, deſiring that all ſtately Beauties might be warned by her ſad fall, not to be proud nor aſpiring, but rather contented with a lowly ſafe Condition; and often calling for Mercy, ſhe with a trembling Hand put the Bowl to her Mouth, and drank the Poiſon, which ſoon put an end to Life; whom the Queen cauſed to be buried privately with the reſt that were ſlain, and ſo departed, rejoicing in the Succeſs her Revenge had had on her Rival, but little conſider'd the Miſery it would pull on her own Head.

Other Hiſtorians of great Credit relate the Circumſtances of her Death in the following Manner; That fair *Roſamond*, ſitting to take the Air, let fall out of her Lap a Clue of Silk which running from her, the End of the Silk faſtened to her Foot, and the Clue ſtill unwinding, remained behind which the Queen eſpying, followed till ſhe had found what ſhe ſought: It is generally ſaid, That when the Queen came to *Roſamond*, ſhe preſented her with a Dagger, and a Cup of Poiſon bidding her take her Choice, and ſhe taking the latter, ſoon expired there

with. Others say, That when the Queen saw her, being amazed at her Beauty, she only upbraided her with her unlawful Familiarity with the King, and so left her: *Rosamond*, telling her, she would never be guilty of that Fault again. But *Rosamond* lived but a short Time after, however that was, certain it is, that the Queen had made her that Visit.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How the King returned, heard of Rosa-mond's *Death, and the Lamentation he made, and the severe Revenge he took, in putting many to Death, and imprisoning his Queen for her Life, building a famous Sepulchre for fair* Rosamond, *and soon after died himself,* &c.

NOT long after the untimely Death of fair *Rosamond*, the ing, who had many strange Dreams concerning

concerning her, returned home Victorious; but no sooner had he Notice of her tragical End, but this Joy was turned into Mourning, and in a kind of Distraction, he rent his Royal Robes, shut himself up in his Chamber, and would not suffer any to speak with him for many Days, often weeping and crying out, 'O my *Rosamond*, my fairest Flower! How art thou blasted by a cruel Death, and with thee all my Joys are faded and withered? O thy parting Tears presaged this Event that we should meet no more! O that I had staid to defend thee from this Ruin, tho' at the loss of a Country, nay, to the Eclipsing my own Fame and Renown.'

When the King had a little eased his Grief, he summoned his Judges, and commanded them to make a strict Enquiry after those that were guilty of the Heinious Crimes, who fearing his high Displeasure, were so diligent therein that most of them were apprehended, tried, and put to several the most cruel Deaths, who, in their Tortures, accused the Queen, and laid the Blame on her, who was not able to bear out herself, for so fierce was the King's Indignation

Indignation, that neither the Apology, Tears, nor the Interceſſion of the Nobles on her Behalf could appeaſe his Wrath, but being a foreign Princeſs, her Life was ſpared; yet the King not only for ever renounc'd her, but confined her for his Life-time to a ſtrict Impriſonment, commanded, if ſhe died there, her Body ſhould not be buried, but there moulder to Duſt, nor would he forgive her at his own Death, for ſhe out-lived him, and was ſet at Liberty after his Deceaſe, by her Son *Richard*, who ſucceeded his Father, and conſidering the Hardſhip of Impriſonment from Experience, ſhe by her own Liberty, and the Intereſt ſhe had with her Son, for the moſt part ſet the Priſon gates open, as well to Criminals as Debtors.

King *Henry* having wreak'd his Vengeance on the Murtherers of his beloved *Roſamond*, cauſed her Body to be taken out of that obſcure Grave, wherein the Queen had cauſed her to be laid, and buried her with all the Funeral Pomp imaginable, at *Godſtow*, near to *Oxford*, Erecting to her Memory, a ſtately *Tomb*, on which was this Inſcription;

Hic

Hic jacit in Tomba, Roſamundi, non
Roſamunda non redolet, puæ redolet
ſolet.

In *Engliſh* thus

Within this Tomb, lies the World's chiefeſt Roſe
She who was ſweet, will now offend your Noſe

This was the End of fair *Roſamond*
who, ſhad ſhe not been led aſtray by
King *Henry*, with the glittering Tinſe
of Royalty, might have made a Wife
worthy of the greateſt Peer in *England*
Or if King *Henry* had been then a ſingl
Man, might as well have adorn'd the
Engliſh Crown, as *Elizabeth* the Widow
of Sir *John Gray*, who being courted a
a Miſs by King *Edward* the Fourth
plainly told him, That as ſhe did no
think herſelf Good enough to be hi
Wife, ſo ſhe thought herſelf much
too Good to be a Whore, either to hi
or to the greateſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*
And this Oppoſition of her's to hi
laſcivious Courtſhip, inflam'd the Kin
th

ne more; as having ſeldom been refu-
d by the Ladies of that Age, whom
ſolicited on the ſame Account: So
hat his Paſſion grew ſo high at laſt,
hat what he could not obtain unlawfully
om her, he reſolved to gain by the
nore lawful and honourable Way of
Marriage; and accordingly he made
r his Queen, and afterwards Grand-
other to King *Henry* the Eighth, and
as great Grand-mother to the famous
laiden Queen of that Name. But the
aſe was otherwiſe with King *Henry* the
econd, who was a married Man when
courted *Roſamond*, and therefore had
e refuſed his unlawful Embraces, and
en married to an *Engliſh* Nobleman,
ſhe might have been, ſhe had never
en recorded to Poſterity, as one of
Unfortunate Concubines of the
ng's of *England*.

A

S O N G

On the DEATH of

Fair *ROSAMOND*

IN Woodstock *Bower, once grew*
a Flower,
Belov'd of England's *King,*
The like for Scent, and sweet Conte
Did ne'er in England *spring:*

Her Cheeks were of the roſy Red;
As fair as fair might be:
Her ſeemly Front, and Ivory Brow,
Like Chryſtal was to ſee.
Fair Roſamond, *of Roſe-like Hue,*
Enticed ſo to love,
As cauſed Henry's *Royal Heart*
The Joys thereof to prove:
At Woodſtock *in a Labyrinth*
Of many Turnings round,
Where only by a Clue of Thread,
The Lady muſt be found,
And by no Way, but with the ſame,
The which the King well knew,
Which now and then for his Delight,
Him to her Preſence drew.
Beſides her Maidens, a falſe Knight
Attended on her there:
With whom he likewiſe fell in Love,
But durſt not ſpeak for Fear.
At length, but with great Modeſty,
He courted her for Grace.
But all in Vain, it booted not,
He lack'd both Time and Place.
Henry (*quoth ſhe*) began with me.
To make my Thoughts unchaſte,

And none but he, and only he,
My Body hath embrac'd:
Then I will be as true and juſt,
In this my wanton Sin,
As any Prince's Paramour;
Perſiſt no more therein.
The Knight diſmiſt her Preſence thus,
Grew daily in great Fear,
That Henry *at his Back-return,*
Should of his Purpoſe hear;
Therefore unto the Queen he hies,
And told her of the ſame;
How ſhe had but the Title given,
And Roſamond *the Gain.*
Came I from France, *Queen Dowager*
(quoth ſhe) *to pay ſo dear,*
For bringing him ſo great a Wealth,
To be miſuſed here?
Like Progne, *ſeeking* Philomel,
She preſently fourth found
The Bower that lodg'd her Huſbands Love,
Built bravely under Ground;
And enter'd in to Roſamond,
Whom when the Queen did view
So bravely clad in rich Attire,
To height her Malice grew.

N

No marvel (quoth the Queen) *if oft*
The Court did miss the King;
When such a Load-stone as thou art,
Him to this Bower did bring.
Now trust me, were she not a Whore
Or any Whore but his,
I would her pardon; but, in sooth,
I may not pardon this.
Fair Rosamond *surprized thus*
E'er ought she did suspect;
Fell on her humble Knees, and did
Her Hands to Heav'n erect:
She blush'd out Beauty, whilst with Tears
She wash'd her lovely Face,
And begged Pardon for her Sin,
In Hopes to find some Grace.
So far forth as it lay in me,
I did (*quoth she*) withstand;
But what may not so great a King
By Means, or Force command?
And dar'st thou Minion (*said the Queen*)
Thus circumstance with me?
Nay, thou wer't best to come to Court,
The King will welcome thee.
With that she dasht her on the Lips,
So dy'd with double Red;

Hard

Hard was the Heart that gave the Stro
Soft were the Lips that bled:
Then forc'd she her to swallow down
Prepar'd for that Intent,
A poison'd Drink, with quick Dispatc
And so away she went.

The End of the History of Fa
ROSAMOND.

TH

THE
Hiſtory of *Jane Shore*, &c.

CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Birth of Jane Shore, *how her early, but charming Beauty, cauſed many to fall in Love with her*, &c.

MRs. *Jane Shore*, the Wife of Mr. *Matthew Shore*, who was ſometime a Goldſmith dwelling in *Lombard-ſtreet*, and was Concubine to *Edward* the IVth, King of *England*, is ſo

ſo well known in Hiſtory, that h
muſt be a Stranger to our *Engliſh* Chro
nicles, who has not heard of he
And tho' ſhe be mentioned in all, the
are but few Hiſtories (tho' never
bulky and volumnious) that have gi
en a ſuccinct, and particular Accou
of her Life and Actions; which m
make this Hiſtory the more acceptab
to thoſe that are curious to Enquire i
to it.

This lovely (tho' unhappy Woma
at the Shrine of whoſe Beauty,
Mighty and Warlike a Monarch offer
up his Devotions, was the Daught
of Mr. *Thomas Wainſtead*, a Wealt
and eminent Citizen of *London*, a
one of the Worſhipful Company
Mercers, who lived in *Cheapſide*, n
far from the Chappel belonging
that Company, where alſo Mrs. *Ja*
was born; who was brought up wi
all the Tenderneſs, which an o
Child commonly meets with from
loving and indulgent Father: Nor
ſhe want for any Education which t
Age afforded, and her Father was a
to give, or ſhe capable of receivi
Needle-work of all Sorts, with Muſ
and Dancing, were Accompliſhm
of

ſhe might boaſt with any Citizen's Daughter in *London*, and being naturally Witty, and of an airy and facetious Temper, ſet all her Parts off to the beſt Advantage; and her Father indulging her natural Vanity with the coſtlieſt Garments, ſet off with the moſt reſplendent Jewels, ſhe appeared like another *Venus*, or rather out-did her, being admired by all, as a conſumate Beauty: For tho' her Attire was very rich and coſtly, yet her own native Beauty was enough to ſet her off; And therefore,

The Wealth ſhe wore about her ſeem'd to be,
Not to adorn her native Beauty's Pride:
Bright Pearls and Jaſpers of a various Dye,
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter Eye,
The Saphire's Blue, by her more azure Veins,
Hung not to boaſt, but to confeſs their Stains.
But had been nature's ſelf, there to have
ſhow'd
What ſhe on Creatures could, or had be-
ſtow'd.
Nay, Jove himſelf would revel in her Bower,
Were he to ſpend another golden Shower;
Short, her Eyes ſhot ſuch ſurprizing Rays,
She was eſteem'd the Wonder of her Days.

No wonder that her Father doted o
her. And his Trade lying among th
Court Ladies, he often carried hi
Daughter with him, to ſhew her th
paſtimes that were frequently made ther
to divert the Queen, &c. which gav
her an early Longing after a highe
Sphere of Honour, than ſhe had yet a
tained to, or her City-breeding wa
likely to Produce.

When ſhe grew to the Age of Fiftee
her extraordinary Stock of Beauty, an
charming Mien, cauſed many to fall
Love with her: And ſome great Lor
fixed their Eyes on her, to get her for
Miſtreſs; which her Father perceivin
ſent her privately to be with his Siſter
Northampton; where ſhe remained abo
a Year, till he ſuppoſed their Enqui
after her was over, and that ſhe mig
ſafely return without any Hazard of b
ing further tempted to Lewdneſs.
ſhe was no ſooner at Home, but a P
was laid one Night to have her carr
away in a Chariot by the Lord *Haſti*
(who after the Death of King *Edwa*
took her for his Concubine, as will
pear in the Cloſe of this Hiſtory.)
the Maid he had bribed with Gold
get her Abroad, but ſhe repenting

Treach

Treachery to her Maſter, in being inſtrumental to the Debauching his fair Daughter, gave timely Notice, by which Means it was prevented; and her Father plainly perceiving, unleſs he ſpeedily took ſome prudent Courſe, her Beauty would be her Ruin. So true is what *Dryden* tells us.

Beauty is ſeldom Fortunate, when Great;
A vaſt Eſtate, but overcharg'd with Debt:
Beauty like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlippery way?
Pleas'd with the Paſſage, we ſlide ſwiftly on,
And ſee the Dangers which we cannot ſhun;
Unpuniſh'd thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a Bleſſing, but a Mark from Heaven.

And therefore he reſolved to marry her, that ſo having ſurrender'd her Virginity, and being in the Arms of a Huſband, thoſe that before ſought to crop her Virgin Roſe would not regard her, but give over the Purſuit.

And amongſt thoſe that courted, and earneſtly ſought her in the Way of Marriage, was one Mr. *Matthew Shore*, a Goldſmith of eniment Note in *Lombard-ſtreet*, whom her Father pitched on for a Huſband, and acquainted his fair

Daughter with his Intentions to marr
her to him; but she always shewed
very great Aversion to it, alledgin
ometimes the Disproportion of Year
e being about Thirty, and she but
tle above Sixteen; and other time
his being much disfigured with th
Small Pox, and many other Exceptio
she made: However, her Father's po
sitive Commands, and the rich Presen
her Lover made her, won her Conse
so far, as that she yielded to the Match
and so married they were in great Pomp
many of the Court, as well as those
the City being invited to the Wedding
which was kept with great Feasting ma
ny Days. Nor were the Wits of th
Age wanting to present them with Ep
thalamiums, which were too numerou
to insert; let it suffice to give you one

Call the Bridegroom to the Bride,
Deck'd in all her Beauty's Pride:
May all the Pleasures, all the Sweets,
That attend the genial Sheets;
Hymen's *Chains and loving Bands,*
Be now resign'd into your Hands.
May soft joys, now you're wed,
Be the Curtains for your Bed.

May fair Honour and Delight
Crown your Day, and bleſs your Night.
May your oft repeated Kiſſes,
Turn to both your happy Bliſſes,
And the warm embrace of Love,
Be ſoft as Venus's *Dove.*
Methought I ſaw them kindle to Deſire,
While with ſoft ſighs they blew the Fire?
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He grew more fierce, and ſhe leſs coy.
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thouſand Ways:
Kind was the Force on ev'ry ſide,
Her new Deſire ſhe could not hide,
Nor would the Bridegroom be deny'd;
Till ſhe tranſported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqueror all her Charms:
And like the Phœnix, both expire,
While from the Aſhes of the Fire,
Spring up a new and ſoft Deſire,
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
Love's Pow'rs, and thrice new Vigour took.

CHAP. II.

How the Lord Haſtings *made Suit to her to be his Miſtreſs with the Repulſe ſhe gave him: And how he praiſed her ſo much to King* Edward, *that the King went diſguiſed to ſee her*, &c.

THE new Bridegroom having e joyed his charming Bride, gre extreamly fond of her, even to Doatin which as it uſually happens with ma ried Women: ſickned and paul'd h

Love towards him, and ſeem'd to ſay like *Oldaham*.

I hate Fruition, now 'tis paſt;
'Tis all but Naſtineſs at beſt:
The homelieſt Thing that we can do;
Beſide, 'tis ſhort and fleeting too:
A Sport of ſlippery Delight,
That in a Moment takes its Flight:
A fulſome Bliſs, that ſoon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.

Which he perceiving, and to wind himſelf, as he thought, the more into her Affection, he cloathed her very richly, and adorned her with Jewels, denying her nothing that ſhe deſired, or he concluded could tend to her Delight and Satisfaction; So that ſhe always appeared Abroad, and in her Shop, like a Terreſtrial Angel, which glorious Sight brought Cuſtom to her Huſband's Shop, and allured many to come to lay out their Money, who otherwiſe would not have done it. Nor was it long e're the Lord *Haſtings* had the unwelcome News brought to him, that his fair *Jane* was married; which however made him not give over his Purpoſe of enjoying her: but that he often reſorted to ſee her,

treating her at Home, and her Husband Abroad; often inviting them both to the Court, and took his Opportunity to pour out his amorous Discourse to the Wife, labouring by many fair Words and Devices, to seduce her to transgress her Nuptial Vows, in defiling her Marriage-bed; but in Vain, for being very Witty, and of a Jovial and merry Temper, she so baffled him with her quick and sharp Replies, that he could not tell which way to take her; for when he often supposed she was the neareſt yielding to comply with his Desires, he found her the furtheſt from it; insomuch that when one Time intending to try his utmost Effort, he had thrown her on a Bed in the Room, when they were privately together in the House, she got from him, and run to her Husband telling him plainly how rude the Lord *Hastings* had been; which angering the good Man, he modestly rebuked him forbidding him his House, and Wife's Conversation: which made him flie away in a great Heat, resolving in Revenge to raise up such Rival to S[illegible] that neither his Authority, nor his Wife's Chastity should be able to withstand.

This Lord *Haſtings* being Chamberlain to King *Edward* the Fourth, and a great Favourite, having frequently his Ear, and finding he was much inclined to fair Women, tho' he was married to the Lady *Elizabeth Grey*, took an Opportunity to ſound in his Ears, the Fame of *Jane Shore*'s incomparable Beauty, extolling the Quickneſs of her Wit, and the Facetiouſneſs of her Humour, much above that of her excellent Features; which made the King, who was extreamly Wanton and Amorous (his Wars being now entirely ended with the Houſe of *Lancaſter*, and he ſecurely ſettled on his Throne without a Rival) to give great Attention to *Haſtings*'s Diſcourſe of this beautiful Shop-keeper; reſolving by putting himſelf in a Diſguiſe, to have a View of this ſurprizing Beauty himſelf that his own Eyes might be a Witneſs of Truth of what *Haſtings* had related to him.

The King, whoſe Thoughts ſtill run on his new-intended Miſtreſs; (and was in Love already with the Idea he had framed of her in his own Imagination) delayed not long to pay her a

Visit; and in order to it, attired himself like a Merchant, and then withdrew privately from the Court, only attended with a Page: And coming into *Shore*'s Shop, then the richest in *Lombard-street*, he found Mr. *Shore* (her husband) attending the Business of the Shop, and very busy in his own Affairs; and so for a little while, tarrying till he was at Leisure, he desired to see some Plate, which was presently shewed him, and under Pretence of carrying it with him beyond the Seas, soon agreed for a considerable Quantity. But the main Commodity our disguised Merchant wanted, was still behind, for the charming Wife kept all this while *Incognito*, it not being her Hour to come down into the Shop; which made him very uneasy, delaying the Time with talking of several Matters transacted in *England*, and beyond the Seas, where he said he had travelled; for being a Prince of great Learning, and of a ready Wit, he never wanted a Theme to enlarge upon, but could discourse of most Countries, and the Trade or Commerce held with them; which much delight

delighted *Shore*, ſo that he ordered his Servant to fetch up a Bottle of his beſt Wine, and had him to his with-drawing-Room, where they drank merrily; the good Man beginning Health to the King, in which the you may be ſure pledg'd him hea and when ſome other Health paſſed, Well, ſaid the ſuppoſed M chant I ſee you have a good Sh well ſtor'd with rich Commodities, and a fine Houſe well furniſhed, at leaſt by what I have ſeen, but me-thinks the chiefeſt Thing of all is ſtill wanting; and which in my Judgment is ſo material, that I wonder ſuch a Man as you can be without it: Pray what is that, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Shore*? A good Wife, reply'd the Royal Mer-chant, to be the Miſtreſs of ſo fair a Manſion; For I dare ſay that you deſerve, and I believe I can help you to one that is both young and beau-tiful, rich, and of a very agreable and facetious Temper; which in a married State, are Qualifications ve-ry deſirable, and that greatly con-tribute to the Happineſs of a Man's Life." "I am of your Opinion,

Sir,

Sir, answered Mr. *Shore*; and there- wh
fore think myself not a little hap- oni
py, that I am bless'd with a Wife Blu
every Way so accomplished; how- yet
ever, Sir, I am nevertheless obliged Kin
you for your kind offer. But tho his
it, continued he, I have a for
that is hardly to be parellel'd, imp
whom all the Beauties and Graces Kis
meet, and yet she is as virtuous a fire
fair." "I grant, reply'd the love- dra
sick Merchant, you are very happy pas
in having such a Jewel. But, Sir, plea
continued he, may not I see this Won- the
der of the World, (for such she doubt- of a
less is, that is so divinely accomplish- so e
ed) that I may make her a small him
Present, to shew the Homage that him
I pay to Virtue?" "Yes, Sir, re- joy
plies the Goldsmith, she shall be at om
your Service presently. And there- y re
upon ordered one of his Servants to tra
tell her, that he would speak with her not
immediately. And thereupon she he
came into the back Room to him, at- ng
tired in a Sky-colour'd Morning gown ave
flowered with Gold, and embroider- leri
with Pearls and Spangles, her Hea- nan
Attire being curious Lace, under Whi
which f t

which her bright Hair flowed, wanton-
oning with the ſporting Air, and her
Bluſhes upon her Approach made her
yet more lovely to behold. The
King no ſooner ſaw the Object
his Heart's Deſire, but he
forth and ſaluted her ſoft coral
impreſſing on them many
Kiſſes; and ſo by her Huſband's
ſire ſhe ſat down, and the Ki
drank to her, ſhe pledg'd him, and
paſſed it to her Huſband: And much
pleaſant Diſcourſe paſſed, by which
the King perceived her not only
of a merry free Temper, but al-
ſo exceeding Witty, which delighted
him as much as her Beauty, and made
him reſolve at any Rate he would en-
joy her: and ſo preſenting her with
ſome curious Things which ſhe modeſt-
y refuſed, as Preſents too great for a
ſtranger, till her Huſband deſired her
not to ſlight the Gentleman's Civility;
he King pulling out his Gold, and pay-
ng for his Plate, which *Shore* would
ave ſent Home, but he refuſed it; or-
ering his Page to carry it; and with
many ſweet Kiſſes, and ſome amorous
Whiſpers, he took Leave at that Time
f the charming fair One.

Well

Well of his Gold might he be lavish here,
For Beauty never could be bought too dear:
For Plate he paid his Gold, but fix'd his Eye
Upon a Treasure he far more did prize.
Yet whate'er he sent away, we find
He left his chiefest Jewel still behind;
And the best Way took, when all is done,
For by Gold the greatest Beauty's won:
Tho' as yet he had no Conquest made,
Due to his Arms soon after was betray'd.

CHA

CHAP. III.

How she warned her Husband of the D... ger. How Mrs. Blague *solicit... King's Love to her, carrying h... Court, whereupon dancing with the ... in a Mask, he put a Letter into ... Hand, and discovered who he was.*

THE King was no sooner departed but the beauteous Mrs. *Shore* ask-d her Husband if he was acquainted ith this Gentleman, that had been so beral to her; and desired to know who

who he was? Her Husband answered, that he never saw him before, but that he told him he was a Merchant, but he knew him not: Ah, *said his Wife*, and shook her Head (who having more discerning Eyes than her Husband, saw something in his Eyes and Mien that was not common) "My Dear his airy Countenance, and graceful Carriage, shews him to be something more: I 'rather take him for some great Lord 'in Disguise, that will prove trouble-'some to me upon the Account of re-'quiring my Love, as some before have 'done; therefore sweet Husband, let 'me beg of you as you tender my 'Chastity, and your own Quiet, if he 'comes again, as I believe he will, and 'ask for me, that you will not let him 'know I am at Home, but rather tell 'him that I am sick, and gone into the 'Country; or any thing you think most 'probable to put him off, that he may 'come no more.'

The good Man was highly pleased with his Wife's Virtue and Prudence in this Matter; and promised to do what she required. She was also giving him some further Cautions to be used

uch kind of Cuſtomers, but People oming in about Buſineſs, ſhe retired.

The King being gone back to the Court, where he had been miſſed, and much enquired for, ſoon changed his Apparel, and came amongſt his No bles, with a very chearful Countenanc nd though others were ignorant *Haſ- ngs* well perceived where he had been, nd the Satisfaction he had received; nd no ſooner were they in Private, ut the King ſaid, 'Well *Haſtings*, I erceived thou haſt good Judgment n fine Women: I have ſeen *Shore*'s Wife, and ſhe exceeds the Praiſes hat you gave her, though I then hought them very laviſh. I like her o well, that come what will, I muſt njoy her, though I have made but a ttle Progreſs in my Love: But the reat Thing that lies before me now, is o have your Advice how I ſhall bring ny Purpoſe to an Iſſue: To Court her n her Huſband's Preſence, as a private erſon, I ſhall be ſerved as you were; nd then to do it as a King, will look oo low for me; to force her from his rms I will not, for it would cauſe a

Murmuring

Murmuring among my Subjects who would fear the like by their Wives or Daughters; but I muſt have her, and with her own Conſent, for Love conſtrained, carries no pleaſure nor charms in it; therefore how this laſt may be attained, do you deviſe.'

The Lord *Haſtings* no ſooner heard what the King determined laſt, but ſmiling ſaid, 'Take no great Care, for this ſhall be eaſy to your Highneſs; there is one Mrs. *Blague*, your Lace-woman, has a Houſe near to *Shore*'s, and is very intimate with his fair Wife, and thither ſhe often reſorts to paſs the Evenings away; this Perſon is a Woman of infinite Intrigue, and of ſo damned and covetous a Temper, that a purſe of Gold would win her to do any Thing: Nay, even to debauch her own Daughter: I dare promiſe ſhe will quickly find out Ways and Means to bring her to your Lure; I will engage her, if your Highneſs ſo pleaſes in this Matter for there is no Spring ſo ſure a Take in Love-affairs, as to ſet on one Woman to wheedle another.' The King like this Device, and it was agreed that he ſhould ſee her at Mrs. *Blague*'s Houſe and have Freedom to court her; but

he ſhould not know he was the King, ll he was pleaſed he ſhould be diſco- ered.

The Lord *Haſtings* was not ſlow in romoting his Maſter's Happineſs, who ad ſo highly favour'd him, but ſoon ith Gifts and large Promiſes, made the ovetous Lace-woman pliable, to do in his affair, whatever was deſired; ſo hat many meetings were had at her Houſe, and ſplendid Treats made; the ing ſtill coming as her Friend in Diſ- uiſe, but although ſhe left the lovely *ane* ſometimes on purpoſe alone with im, and retired, and he courted her ith all his Rhetorick, yet ſhe appear- d averſe to yield to his Love, often laming him ſharply, for propoſing ſuch n immodeſt Thing to her, as to defile er Marriage-bed; and when he took is Leave, ſhe very much chid Mrs. *lague* for ſuffering ſo rude, and ſo de- auch'd a Gentleman to come into her Houſe, telling her the Deſign he had h her Chaſtity; who ſeem'd to wonder it, as altogether ignorant, proteſting e had not thought it in him, but in- reated her to be at eaſe, and make no ords of it, for ſhe would ſuffer him

to

to come there no more: This pacifie
her; but the Plot being further laid fo
her Ruin: In *Chriſtmas* time ſhe go
leave of Mr. *Shore*, that his Wife ſhoul
accompany her to the Court, to ſee th
Balls, and Maſks there, which he con
ſented to, with ſome unwillingneſs
and being introduced, after many ha
danced to the melodious Muſick, on
Man of a comely Port entered, ſhinin
in Gold and Jewels, with a Maſk on
upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the La
dies whiſper, *That is the King*; wh
looking round through his Maſk, fix
ed his Eyes on her, and immediately
ſtepped to her Seat, and took her ou
to Dance with him; at which ſhe bluſh
ed and trembled, but being in a ſtrang
Place, not to be unmannerly, ſhe com
plied, and performed her Part to Admi
ration; which ended, taking her to a
Side-light, pulling off his Maſk to ſa
lute her, ſhe to her great Amazement
perceived it was the ſame Man, who ha
entertained her at her Shop, and at Mrs
Blague's Houſe; when putting a Lett
into her Hand, he retired. And ſhe
much confuſion, comin; to Mrs. *Blague*
intreated her ſhe would go home; wh
having effected what ſhe came fo
willingl

willingly consented; and as she returned, plainly told her, that Man was the King, and deeply in Love with her; when reading the Letter, they found no more in it than this.

Fairest of Women!

THE Fame of your charming Beauty made me put on the Disguise of a Merchant, to get a Sight of you which has put my Heart into such a Flame, that nothing but enjoying you will ever be able to quench it. It is your King that is your Supplicant, and begs you will be kind to him: He that can command is willing to entreat, and therefore, surely you will not prove inexorable, and if you will take pity on your King, send one kind Letter to him, which he'll receive with greater Joy than if another Crown was offered him. For he esteems your Beauty and good Humour far above all the shining Ladies of the Court. And further does assure you, that whatsoever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage, by

Edward, *Rex.*

When

When ſhe had read this Letter, ſh
was much diſturbed; and could n
forbear ſaying, 'Ah! Mrs. *Blague*,
could not have believed, that you wou
have brougnt me into ſuch a Premuni
as now you ſee I am in:' To whi
Mrs. *Blague* very pertly anſwered, '
ſee no Premunire at all, it is an Honou
to be beloved by a King; and does n
he promiſe you, that whatever you ſha
loſe for his Sake, ſhall be made up
you with Advantage; And then whe
can be the Damage?' 'You talk ve
ſtrangely, reply'd Mrs. *Shore*; Does h
not deſign the robbing me of my Cha
tity? And can any Thing be a Compe
ſation for the Loſs of one's Virtue
When that is once gone, it cannot b
made good again: For that is a Jew
which when once ſullied, can never b
reſtored to its firſt native Brightneſs
Marry, ſays Mrs. *Blague*, I think yo
make a great deal to do more tha
needs: If he would accept of me
your Room, I ſhould be very gla
to take your Place. They ſay th
Crown takes away all Stains; an
I do not know why the Love of
King ſhould not take away all R
pro

proach from the Perſon beloved. And therefore pray be adviſed to write a kind Letter to the King; come he will take it well.' 'I will adviſe with my Pillow, ſaid ſhe, and ſo went Home.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How by the Perſuaſion of Mrs. Blagu *ſhe writ a Letter to the King, and afte wards comply'd with the King's Deſir and ſuffered him to enjoy her privatel going from her Huſband under Preten of ſeeing her Mother*, &c.

ALL the Night following, M *Shore* grew reſtleſs and uneal her Huſband enquired the Cauſe, b could not learn it, though he found the Morning ſome Tears had bedew her fair Cheeks; as ſoon as ſhe was ſhe went to Mrs. *Blague*, to con

what ſhe muſt do in this Streight, as well knowing the King's Humour, that he never ſpared any Woman in his Luſt, nor Man in his Anger; and therefore if ſhe complyed not, he would compel her to his Bed; and then perhaps, for her ſullenneſs in not freely yielding, he having ſatisfied his Appetite, might puniſh her, and make her a publick Shame, to the Ruin of herſelf, and Relations.

Mrs. *Blague* ſeeing her thus penſive and doubtful, with a betraying Smile, ſaid, 'Come, come, my dear *Jane*, you muſt be no longer coy nor deny the King his Requeſt; a Royal Miſtreſs ſtands ſo high, that no Finger dare point at her, or Tongue revile her: You glitter ſo near a Throne, and enjoy ſo gallant a Bedfellow, that I'll warrant, my Child, you will never have cauſe to repent of leaving a dull Huſband for ſo advantageous a Change. I ſaid he is reſolved to have you for a Miſtreſs; and therefore it is beſt for you willingly to ſubmit to be ſo highly exalted; which will be very pleaſing to him. And therefore pray write him a kind Letter preſently. Which, at Mrs. *Blague*'s Perſuaſion, ſhe did in theſe words:

I Was much surprized at the Content of your Letter, and am altogether ignorant of my putting your Heart into such a Flame as you speak of, But if it should be so, it was a Sin of Ignorance, and I am willing to do any Pennance for committing it. Tho' I believe you may have more suitable Remedy nearer hand, some of those shining Ladies that you mention in your Letter, being more capable of quenching that Flame, than, may it please your Highness,

Your most dutiful

Subject and Servant,

JANE SHORE.

Mrs. *Blague* said this Letter was not kind enough, but Mrs. *Shore* would not alter it. Mrs. *Blague* then went with it to the King, and gave him an Account of her Proceedings with Mrs. *Shore*, and what she had brought her to. She then told the King, That if he would please to send his Chariot the next Night she would bring her to his Arms.

King commended and rewarded her, promiſed his Charrot ſhould be ready for her. Mrs. *Blague* came back, and told Mrs. *Shore*, the King would take no denial, but would ſend his Chariot for her to Morrow Night.

At this Diſcourſe, Mrs. *Shore* trembled; yet conſidering from the many Attempts her Beauty had cauſed, it was not made to be enjoy'd by one; and having an ambitious Mind in a fatal Hour, the Counſel of Mrs. *Blague* prevailed. And it was agreed, that that very Night ſhe ſhould take her beſt Apparel, and Jewels, and put herſelf into the King's kind Arms, without any more Formality, or ceremonious Denials.

This being concluded, Mrs. *Blague* immediately ſent the King Notice of her Succeſs, who was not ſlow at the appointed Time to ſend his Chariot for them: And in the mean while her Cloths were conveyed to Mrs. *Blague*'s. However, ſhe ſupp'd with her Huſband, kindly kiſs'd him, and dropt ſome Tears, when on a ſudden, one came of a feigned Errand, to tell her, her Mother was taken ill, and muſt needs ſpeak with her; he would have gone with her, but

ſhe put him off; and ſo giving him the laſt Kiſs he ever received from her coral Lips, with Tears in her Eyes ſhe left him; and coming where the Chariot ſtood ready, having put on her glorious Apparel, ſhe and Mrs. *Blague* got into it, and were conveyed to the King's ſecret Apartment, where they found him in his Cloſet; he raiſed his Miſtreſs, who upon her Approach kneel'd, kindly kiſſed her, and welcom'd her with many Varieties; but it being late, and Mrs. *Blague* having delivered up this Treaſure of Beauty into her Monarch's Arms, left them in the Temple of *Venus* to enjoy thoſe mutual Bliſſes they had been ſo long purſuing.——

But, O the Raptures of that Night!
What fierce Convulſions of Delight!
How in each others Arms involv'd,
They lay confounded and diſſolv'd!
Bodies mingled, Sexes blending,
Which ſhould moſt be contending:
Darting fierce and flaming Kiſſes,
Plunging into boundleſs Bliſſes.

Shore at the firſt was coy, and hard to win
With artful Courting play'd the modeſt Part
But ſoon as once ſhe had engag'd in the Sin

O how she hugg'd the charming tingling Dart!
And then cry'd, Nearer nearer to my Heart,
For you are Sovereign now of all within.

But let me not envy her, nor her present Joys, but prosecute her Story; and we shall quickly see at what a dear Rate she purchas'd them.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Shore's *Uneasiness at his Wife tarrying out: He and her Parents make particular, through fruitless Search after her; and giving her quite for lost, they mourn and lament.*

WHAT Pleasure soever Mrs. *Shor* took in the King's unlawf Embraces, yet her Husband sat at hom full of Sorrow; wondering what extr ordinary Accident had detained her b yond her usual Hour: or what unfor seen Adventure she had met withal.

laſt he went to her Mother's, to ſee what the Matter was ſhe ſtaid ſo long, but was extreamly ſurprized to find ſhe had not been there all the Day; nor was her Mother ill, nor had ſhe ſent for her, as Mrs. *Shore* pretended. This put him to ſo great a Nonplus, that he knew not what to think, nor could he in the leaſt imagine what ſhould become of her. A Thouſand ſtrange Imaginations crouded into his Head, and thruſt out one another: Sometimes he thought that Miſchief had befallen her; and then began with bitter Lamentations to lament her diſmal and unhappy Fate. But then, becauſe ſhe made ſuch a falſe Story, as an Excuſe to go Abroad, he thought there muſt be ſomething in it of Deſign, which was not good: And then his Head began to Ach, and he imagin'd that he felt ſome Buddings out of Horns already in his Forehead: But then remembring her modeſt, and her chaſte Deportment, he checked himſelf for letting ſuch a Thought harbour one Moment in his troubled Breaſt. 'No 'no, ſaid he, dear *Jane*, I know not how 'to think one Thought of thee that is

'not good; Virtue itſelf may ſooner go
'aſtray than I can think thou in
'Thought can err. Forgive me there-
'fore that I but ſuſpect thee; it is
'Fault I know not now to expiate
'Where I but half ſo ſure that thou art
'well, as that thou art good, religious,
'chaſte and virtuous, I ſhould be the
'happieſt Man alive. Whereſoever thou
'art, I ne'er ſhall reſt until I have thee
'circled in my Arms. I am afraid, that
'to avoid Temptations, thou haſt
'withdrawn into a Nunnery, there to
'give up thyſelf to thy Devotions, be-
'cauſe the World was not worthy of thy
'Company: Yes, *cry'd he*, juſt like
'Man diſtracted, I know it muſt be ſo,
'thou could not elſe be abſent from thy
'Huſband a Moment. But be thou
'where thou wilt, I'll find thee out
'and when I have found thee, we'll ne-
'ver part again.'

Thus the poor Man paſſed the ſad
Night away; whilſt her Relations were
as much concerned as he: Her Father
and her Mother were afraid ſome Vio-
lence might have been offered to her
her matchleſs Beauty having oft attrac-
ed the Eyes and Hearts of thoſe that
gaz'd upon her. There was not

ey knew ſhe was acquainted with: but ey went thither, hoping they might nd her; and Mrs. *Blague* among the ſt was viſited, to know if ſhe could tell hat was become of her. But the diſ-mbling Hag proteſted ſolemnly ſhe had ot ſeen her for two Days before, and ed ſome Tears, to make her Friends elieve how much ſhe was concern'd that e was miſſing.

But after all their Search had been in ain, and they could hear no Tidings f their Daughter, they ſeemed to be ven ſwallowed up with Grief, eſpecially hen they beheld their Son-in-law in-onſolable. Alas! ſaid they, What Sor-ow's like to this, to have our only Child us ſtrangely loſt, we know not how nor here? Death would have been by far uch more eligible; we ſhould have hen known what became of her, but e are left to uncertain Gueſſes: Ah! eareſt Child, who knows what thou ffereſt, becauſe thou'lt not comply to ſatisfy the Luſt of barbarous Raviſhers.

O that we ne'er had liv'd to ſee this Day,
Or that thou ne'er hadſt thus been
ſnatch'd away.

Thus did her wretched Parents ecc
each other Griefs in Lamentations,
cauſe they knew not what could beco
of her.

CHAP. VI.

*How her Huſband, and her Parents cam
know that* Jane Shore *was with the* Ki
*in the Quality of his Concubine; and h
for very Grief and Shame, her Huſb
ſold off all he had, and went beyond S
with an Account of his Return.*

IT was now almoſt a Week that
Shore had been concealed at

and was in the mean Time given over
or loſt by her Huſband and her Parents)
When the News of her being the King's
Concubine had taken Air, and made a
great Noiſe in the City; and too ſoon
arrived at her poor Huſband's, and her
Relations Ears: For they had both
much rather never heard of her at all,
and that ſhe had been loſt for ever, than
to have found her there. Had ſhe been
took away by any elſe, there had been
Hopes of getting her again. But now
he was in ſuch a Palace, that it was
above their Reach to take her thence.
They knew the King was violent in all
his Paſſions; eſpecially his Love and his
Ambition, and more eſpecially the firſt
of which there could not be a greater
inſtance, than in his marrying of the
Queen; for tho' he had ſent *Nevil*, the
great Earl of *Warwick* (that made and
unmade King's at his own Pleaſure) into
France, there to propoſe a Match be-
twixt him and the Lady *Bona* the *French*
King's Daughter, which was agreed to
and concluded, almoſt as ſoon as it was
propoſed; yet having in the mean Time
ſeen and lik'd the Widow of Sir *John*
Gray, (who was ſlain in the Battle
of St. *Alban*'s as he was fighting for

Edward

Edward's Rival, *Henry* VI.) and n
being able to obtain Enjoyment on a
other Terms than that of Marriage,
took her for his Queen, and marri
her; and rather chose to disoblige h
best and greatest Friends, and run t
Hazard of the Crown itself, than
deny himself the Satisfaction of havi
her whom he had such a Fancy for
And therefore they considered how da
gerous a Thing it would be for them
shew the least Resentment, though f
so great an Injury, as that of raviſhi
a Wife and Daughter from them. An
that which was more grievous to the
yet, they found that she herself w
pleased with what she had done,
making such a voluntary Elopemen
from her Husband. And seeing she ha
thus lost all her Virtue, what was the
in her now worth the regarding? Th
Thoughts of this so troubled her po
afflicted Husband, who so much doa
ed on her Virtue, that Shame an
Grief confounded him; he scarce kne
what he either said or did; nor wou
he see, or yet be seen of any, if he at
could help it: He thought each M
that saw him pointed at him; nor cou
one lift a Finger up before him, but
str

ſtrait thought that they made Horns at him. All Day he'd ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber, and ſigh away his melancholy Hours, and curſe the time he e'er ſaw *Wainſtead*'s Daughter. But when at laſt he found a Means to ſend to his falſe Wife, and ſaw ſhe ſlighted him, and would not once vouchſafe to come and ſee him, nor ſuffer him to come and ſee her there, he e'en reſolved to go abroad and travel; and if he could forget he e'er had ſeen her. And therefore ſelling off his Goods and Houſhold ſtuff, and turning all his Plate into Broad Gold (for then there was no Guineas) he left this hated Land of his Nativity, and took a Tour to *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*, thence to *Morocco*, and from thence to *Turkey*; finding, as he imagin'd far more Kindneſs among the *Turks* and *Infidels*, than he had found in *England*: And it was not without Reaſon that he thought ſo, as the Sequel made it good: For, after a long Tract of Time, and travelling from one Place to another, had cured him of his Melancholy, and eaſed him of his Money, he turned back again to *London*, King *Henry* the Seventh having then wayed the Scepter many Years; and he

W

Wife having miserably perished long before, and the Remembrance of her almost quite forgotten, so that he now became as great a Stranger here, as he had been before in foreign Parts. Here therefore he resolved again to settle, and privately to work at his own Calling; but having been used to live high, and his Pockets being now grown low, his Work would not recruit him fast enough; he therefore thought upon a speedier Way, which was to file, and clip off Gold from those broad Pieces, which went then in Current Payment; but he made more Hast than good Speed, for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Prison, and afterwards ryed, and executed for the same at *Tyburn*; where he concluded his Tragedy. And though this unfortunate Man justly suffered the Law, in the Reign of King *Henry* the Seventh, yet it may without any Injustice be said, That he was murdered by King *Edward* the Fourth, who by enticing away his Wife, brought inevitable Ruin and Destruction on him and his Family. And thus we find there is a Tide in the Affairs of Men; which when at the Flood, leads on to Fortune; but if that be neglected

all the long Voyage of their following Life, they are bound in Shallows, and in Miſeries.

Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere Felicity;
With equal Mind let us what happens bear,
For joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our Care.
Like Pilgrims to the appointed place we tend,
The World's an Inn, and Death's the Journey's End,

But now it is high Time to look after his Wife, and ſee what became of her.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How Jane Shore *liv'd in great Splendor at Court, during the Reign of* Edward *the Fourth.*

THERE is nothing so bewithing, and so apt to draw away our Hearts and Affections from the Consideration of Eternity, and the Things of another Life, as the Pomp and Vanitie

f this preſent World. The Splendor of King *Edward*'s Court, and the great Figure ſhe made there, by means of the extraordinary Countenance and Favour which King *Edward* ſhewed her, made her forget her diſconſolate Huſband, and the Sighs and Tears of her Parents, who would have rather ſeen her Virtuous than Great: 'Tis true, ſhe never abus'd the Power ſhe had with the King, to the Prejudice of any, and was always a Friend to the Poor, and to thoſe that were in Affliction and Diſtreſs; and was ſo ready to do good, that when his Courtiers durſt not intercede for ſuch as lay under the King's Diſpleaſure, ſhe with her ready Wit and merry Humour, would ſo abate his Anger, that ſhe oft-times has ſav'd the Lives both of the Rich and Poor, and would be always a Shelter, to thoſe who were oppreſs'd by the exorbitant Power of them that were Great: She was eaſy of Acceſs to the Poor, and ſo far from a mercenary Spirit, that ſhe never ſold her Favour, but would freely do any Kindneſs that lay in her Power for any; righting many that were wrong'd, but never wronging or oppreſſing

preſſing any; which made her generally beloved by the common People. And often when the King had been offended with his Officers, and Servants, ſhe by her witty and facetious Carriage with the King, would often drive away the Storm, which otherwiſe would have poured down upon 'em. So that her very Enemies would ſay, *'Twas pity ſhe was a Whore*; and that ſhe was indeed; that was the Stain that clouded all her Glory, and blemiſhed all the Goodneſs which ſhe had, or Good ſhe did, and ſapped the Foundation of her Happineſs: And yet methinks I can't but grieve to think her Life ſhould at the laſt be cloſed by ſuch a ſad Cataſtrophe: For when ſhe went on a Progreſs with the King, ſhe frequently would ſue for all the Poor, and ſtill proportion her Relief to their Neceſſities; nor would ſhe only by herſelf relieve them, but if ſhe knew of any that whom the King expected ſome good Office from her on that Account, altho' ſhe herſelf was never Mercenary, yet ſhe would put them upon being charitable to the Poor, and if they did expect Kindneſs from her, they ſhould be ſo

them. And this indeed was very enerous in her.

But notwithſtanding all her Charity nd Goodneſs, ſhe was not without nemies at Court; for there were adies there that envy'd her Favour ith the King, and were not willing ſhould be engroſſed ſo much by her, hat they could have no Share in it; nd therefore oftentimes would rally er, but ſtill were baffled in their vain ttempts; For ſhe had always ſuch pregnant Wit, and was ſo ready t her Repartees, that they could ne-er get the better of her. And tho' ing *Edward* had another Miſtreſs efore her, which he ſtill kept, name-, the Lady *Beeſly*, yet *Shore* had al-ays the Aſcendant of her. *Beeſly* retended hugely to Religion (which ts but very aukward on a Whore) but *hore* was always mighty briſk and erry; which made King *Edward* of-n joking ſay, 'I have two Miſtreſſes of very different Tempers, one is the moſt Religious, and the other the moſt Merry of any one in *England*, nd I muſt needs ſay, *Shore* was in the ight on't; for *Beeſly* would have done uch better, either to have left her

Whoring

Whoring off, or laid by her Religio
because them two seldom agree tog
ther. And I believe King *Edwa*
thought so too, and therefore *Sho*
had still the chiefest Place in his Affe
tions, which always made her ha
such Crowds of Visitors, both at h
Chamber-Door, when in the Cour
and at her Chariot-side, when-e'
she rid Abroad; whose Suits she st
preferr'd according to the utmost
her Power, respecting the Justice
their Cause. And here it will not
amiss to mention (for a Reason y
shall know anon) how kind she w
to Mrs. *Blague*, for whom she h
procured of the King a stately Hou
and Manor of 100*l.* a Year. B
how well she did deserve it, we ma
hear hereafter. In a Word, we ca
not do Justice to Mrs. *Jane Shor*
without granting that she was of
free, generous, and grateful Tempe
and that she improved her Interest wi
the King for the Benefit of all th
stood in need of it, and to the P
judice of none but those that soug
to oppress and tyrannize over th
Neighbours, for before she espous
any Cause she, examined the M

, and always took the juſteſt
le.

Thus lived *Jane Shore* for ſome
ars in the midſt of earthly Delights,
d worldly Grandeur. But, alas!
ere's nothing ſtable nor fix'd under
Sun: Kings, tho' they are earth-
Gods, muſt die like Men; for
y are made of the ſame moulder-
Clay with other Mortals; of which
ng *Edward* was to *Jane Shore* too ſad
Inſtance; For he dying at *Weſtmin-*
, in the fortieth Year of his Age,
d twenty third of his Reign, was
ried at *Windſor* in a Chapel of his
n Founding; leaving behind him
o young Princes; to wit; *Edward*
fifth, King of *England*, though
ver crown'd; and *Richard* Duke
York his Brother, and five Daugh-
s.

King *Edward* being dead, the Lord
ſtings ſent and took *Jane Shore* (whom
courted before King *Edward* knew
, to his own Bed, keeping her as his
ncubine. And *Shore* thought it
ter the King's Death) the greateſt
nour ſhe could then aſpire to; be-
es, ſhe thought that Lord would
a Shelter to her from the Anger of

the

the Queen, and of other Ladies the Court, who bore no great Affe on to her in King *Edward*'s Days, cauſe ſhe engroſſed ſo much of Favour. But the Lord *Haſtings* ſo far from being able to protect *Shore*, that he could not long pro himſelf: For crook-back'd *Richa* Duke of *Glouceſter*, Brother to deceaſed King, having laid a wi ed Deſign to put the Crown up his own Head, and to deſtroy own Nephews; endeavour'd to br in as many of the Nobility to Party as he could, and the L *Haſtings* being one that had a g Influence at Court, having bee high Favour with King *Edward* Fourth, and Lord Chamberlain the young King, the Duke ha great Mind to bring him over his Party: But fearing to diſc his Mind openly to him, he m large Promiſes, and gave great wards to one *Cateſby*, a Favou of the Lord *Haſtings*, by ſecret dark Diſcourſes to ſound him, if poſſible to bring him over to Side. This *Cateſby* undertook to it; and finding (after he had done

at he could) that the Lord *Haſtings* as no way inclinable to favour *Glou-ſter*'s Deſign, he told him of it, and o' he had been maintained by the ord *Haſtings*, and his Fortune raiſed what it was by him, yet he proved baſe and treacherous to him, that encouraged *Glouceſter* to remove *aſtings* out of the World, if ever he tended to compaſs his Deſign. This ing reſolved upon by them two, called a Grand Council of Lords the *Tower*, to conſider of ſuitable reparations for the Coronation; and hen they had ſet a conſiderable Time, came in and took his Chair, jeſt-g with ſome of them, and ex-uſing his too long Stay; requeſt-g of Dr. *Moreton*, Biſhop of *Ely*, me Strawberries that grew in his arden at *Holborn*; which he im-ediately ſent for; and took it as a avour that the Protector was ſo kind him, and to put it into his Power oblige him in any thing, for there ad been formerly no good Under-anding between them two. Then king ſome Excuſe for a ſhort Ab-nce, he deſired them to proceed the Method propos'd. And about

an

an Hour after, he came in agai
and took his Chair, but with a Cou
tenance full of Anger and Refen
ment, frowning, biting his Lip, a
knitting his Brows, and ſhewing
the Signs of one in an extraordina
Paſſion; which ſtrangely amaz'd
the Council, ſo that they kept a pr
found Silence; which the Protecto
(for ſo had the Duke of *Glouceſt*
lately been made) perceiving, deman
ed what Puniſhment they deſerv
who had wickedly procured his D
ſtruction, he being Uncle to, and Pr
tector of the King? This Queſti
amaz'd them more than before, b
all knowing themſelves innocent
any ſuch Intention; the Lord *Haſting*
who by reaſon of the antient Frien
ſhip that had been between the
thought he might be the bolde
reply'd, *My Lord, ſuch as have ſo tra*
greſſed deſerve the ſevereſt Puniſhm
the Law can inflict, to which the oth
Lords aſſented. Then, ſaid the Pr
tector, that Sorcereſs (meaning
Queen) and *Jane Shore*, have conſpi
by Witchcraft to deſtroy me; And
drawing up his Sleeve, he ſhewed
Arm which had been waſted from
Infa

nfancy (as they all knew well enough) s a Teſtimony of what he had ſaid; bid- ing them behold how their charms had egun already to take Effect on him. Hereupon the Lord *Haſtings*, who (as as been already ſaid) had taken *Jane hore* to his Bed, thinking to excuſe er, ſaid, *My Lord, if they have done , they deſerve Puniſhment. Thou Trai- r*, reply'd the Protector, *ſerveſt thou e with Ifs and Ands: I tell thee they ave done it; and that will I make good on thy Body*: And ſo, ſtriking his Fiſt on the Table the Room was preſent- filled with armed Men, one of which ruck at the Lord *Stanley*, and as nim- e as he was to ſink under the Table, ievouſly wounded him on the Head; d the Protector himſelf arreſted the ord *Haſtings*, bidding him make haſte Shrive himſelf; for by St. *Paul* (which s his uſual Oath) he would neither eat r drink till his Head was off, and ſo ing led out into the Green within the *wer*, he was there beheaded on a Log, thout ſtaying for the formality of a affold.

And here I cannot but take Notice, w eminently the Hand of Divine ſtice was exemplified in the unjuſt

Execution of this Lord; who havi
ſo far joined with the Duke of *Glouceſt*
as to be aiding in, and privy to the E
ecution of the Queen's Father, the Lo
Rivers, and the reſt of her Relatio
who were by his Contrivance behead
at *Pomfret*, on that very Day; on whi
by the Contrivance of *Glouceſter*, himſ
was beheaded in the *Tower*: So certa
does Sin and Guilt dodge Men to th
Deſtruction.

CHA

CHAP. VIII.

How Jane Shore *conveyed her Jewels to Mrs.* Blague's, *who cheated her of them all: And how she was persecuted by King* Richard *the Third, who caused her to do Pennance in the open Street.*

THE sudden and tragical Fate of the Lord *Hastings*, was a sufficient admonition, or Warning to *Jane Shore*, the Storm that was now falling upon

her own Head; and therefore she though
it but a prudent Piece of Conduct t
make some timely Provision for herself
The Protector had already declared him-
self against her; and *Hastings*, upo
whom, after King *Edward*'s Death, he
greatest Hopes had been placed, ha
now lost his Life, for but undertakin
to vindicate her; and therefore sh
packed up all her Jewels, and her rich
Garments, and all the best of he
Things, and brought them to Mr
Blague's, telling her, That she saw
Storm a coming, and therefore thoug
it best to provide against it; and th
as she had served her in King *Edward*
Reign, she did not doubt but she wou
be as kind to her now, in securing t
her her Jewels, and other rich Thing
which therefore she had now broug
with her, to put into her Hands, as
Place of Security, that she might ha
them ready against a Time of Need.

Mrs. *Blague* seemed to commise
her Condition very much, telling h
she was sorry to see such a sad Turn
the Times; and that little good co
be expected from such a bloody Mon
as the Protector; but whatever she
in her Hands, she might depend up

t ſhould be very ſafe; and that herſelf nd all ſhe had, ſhould be always wel- come to her Houſe; for ſhe ſhould ne- er forget the Kindneſs ſhe had ſhewed er when ſhe was in Power; with ſeve- al other large Proteſtations of an intire Friendſhip and Fidelity. This deſign- ng Hypocrite, Mrs. *Blague* (who was he firſt Authoreſs and Cauſe of this oor Gentlewoman's Ruin, by firſt per- uading, and afterwards betraying her nto the Embraces of King *Edward*) aving by her fair Speeches got all her ewels, Plate, and Cloths, into her ands, did in the Time of her Afflic- ion and Diſtreſs, which followed ſhortly fter, treat her with the moſt barbarous ſage, that ever Woman met with; or coming to her, when all ſhe had was ſeized on by King *Richard*'s order, nd deſiring to have ſome of her Jewels o make a little Money on, ſhe not only enied that ſhe ever received any of her, ut called her a filthy Strumpet, Whore, nd Cheat; aſking her if ſhe came to ut Tricks upon her; with other baſe pprobrious Speeches; and threatning hat e ſhwould have her whipt, if ever e came there again, thruſting her out Doors, without ſo much as giving

her a Piece of Bread, although she begged it of her. And certainly to one of so generous a Temper as *Jane* had been, nothing could make a greater, or more deeper Impression, than such a barbarous Treatment: I cannot therefore blame her, when she afterwards gave to King *Richard*'s Officers, upon her being examined where it was she had disposed of her Jewels, and other Things, she gave a true Account where they were all disposed; upon which they immediately repaired to Mrs. *Blague*'s demanding them of her: But she served them as she had done *Jane Shore*, denied that she ever had them, alledging that they never were brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further: Which answer, though it was all *Jane Shore* could get, yet the King's Officers would not be satisfied so: But having Power on their side, they entered in and searched the House, and breaking open all her Trunks and Drawers, and finding them by that means, that made it Crime enough in her to have denied them; and therefore as an Accomplice of *Jane Shore*, they cleared this House of all that e'er she had, and seizing upon her Estate besides, left her

mo

moſt as miſerable as they had made *Jane Shore*: And then her Conſcience brought to mind her black Ingratitude, which made her Sufferings appear juſt and right, and which ſhe had ſo very well deſerved.

Ingratitude's the Growth of ev'ry Clime,
And of all Sins the moſt accurſed Crime:
For who can think that Human Nature can,
Breed ſuch a Monſter as th' ungrateful Man:
Who does againſt his Benefactor ſin,
Leaſt Men ſhould think he has obliged been.
On him his Friend ſtill loſes all his Coſt,
For every Favour ſhew'd to him is loſt;
Nay, more than that, which is a greater ſhame;
Not only loſt, but he forgets the ſame:
Nay, does for kindneſs, ſpite and miſchief ſhew;
Which is the greateſt Height the Devil can go.
But I'll no more enlarge upon this Plague,
But wiſh all ſuch be ſerv'd as Mrs. Blague.

But to return from this Digreſſion, the Duke of *Glouceſter* having pretended that *Jane Shore* was engaged in a Plot againſt him, that he might the better hide the Plot himſelf had laid againſt his two innocent Nephews and the Crown, ſent his Officers to the Lord *Haſtings*'s Houſe to ſearch for her;

where she was but newly come back from carrying her best Things to Mrs. *Blague*'s, as has been before related; and having seized her, and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, where by a special Order from his Highness, she was adjudged to do Pennance for her notorious Adulteries, committed with King *Edward* the fourth, and afterwards with the Lord *Hastings*, with whom she had also plotted the Destruction of his Highness the Lord Protector of the King and Kingdom, and this Pennance that she was to perform, was done in this manner; she was stript of all her Apparel, having only on her Smock, and over that a white Sheet, and in one Hand a lighted Taper of Wax, and in the other a Cross; in which Posture she walked bare legged and bare-foot, all through *Cheapside* and *Lombard-street*, with a Crowd of People to behold her; she looking so very lovely and charming, even in the penitent Dress, that she was beloved by some, and pitied by others, and her hard Fate lamented by all; except such as had engaged in *Richard*'s accursed Designs: This publick Pennance

of hers at that Time being enjoined her, not so much as a Punishment for her Sins, as to amuse the Minds of the People, that they might not busy themselves about those secret and treasonable Designs that were carrying on at Court, for the Destruction of the young King and his Brother, and the setting of the Crown upon that Monster's Head, which soon after followed.

And therefore it was not enough that *Jane Shore* was thus forced to do publick Pennance, but the Tyrant immediately puts forth a severe proclamation against her, imploring, That whereas it was notoriously known, that *Jane Shore* had for several Years lived in open adultery with the late King *Edward*, to the high Dishonour of Almighty God, and to the Shame and Reproach of Honesty and Virtue, and to the Grief of all good Christians, and to the Impoverishment of the King and Realm, and the diminishing of the Revenues of the Crown, which she at her Pleasure bestowed and lavished away, by her enriching her own Friends and Relations, contrary to the Laws of the Land: It was therefore declared, That wherever such Money, Plate, Jewels,

or Things were given away by her, should be forthwith seized again to t King's Use; And further, That as a just Punishment for those notorio Crimes, and for engaging with the la Lord *Hastings* and Others, by Secre and Witchcraft, to take away the Li of the Right Noble and Illustrio *Richard* Duke of *Glouc ester*, Protect of the King and Kingdom, that the might the better compass their En upon the young King and his Roy Brother, it was therefore strickly pro hibited to all Persons whatsoever, Pain of Death, and Confiscation of their Goods, and Chattels, neither harbour her, the said *Jane Shore*, their Houses, nor to relieve her wit Food or Raiment.

This was a home Stroke indeed, an it would have been more Charity t have taken and hanged her, than thu to have condemn'd her to starve alive which was the Design of this cru Proclamation. So that the poor mi serable Woman was forced to wande up and down in a miserable and disco solate manner, seeking in Fields an Hedges for Food to sustain her Life and when they would afford her non

e would then ſearch the Dunghills, here (when ſhe was known to come) me Bones with more Meat than uſual, ould be thrown on purpoſe for her by me that pitied her, but durſt not be en to relieve her. And yet in this or Condition, the miſerable Wretch ved for ſome time, through the ſecret harity of well diſpoſed Perſons.

But after this wicked Duke of *Glouſter*, had ſo far carried his Point, that e was crowned King, and had cauſed s two Royal Nephews to be murther- ; it ſo happened that *Jane Shore* go- g by the Houſe of a certain Baker at had received a particular Kindneſs om her formerly (for he having been ndemned to die, for being concerned a Riot in King *Edward*'s Days, ſhe t his Pardon freely) this Baker ſeeing r go by, looking thin and meagre, d ready to periſh, he had ſo grateful Remembrance of her former Kindneſs, at he could not forbear, notwithſtand- g the Proclamation, from taking a enny Loaf, and trundling it after her: Which ſhe thankfully took up, and eſſed him, with Tears in her Eyes, it ing to her an acceptable Preſent. But

it

it proved a coſtly one to the Baker; ſ
ſome of his malicious Neighbours h
ving ſeen it, for Envy always has
Lynx's Eye, informed againſt the ch
ritable Man: And the inexorable T
rant caus'd him to be hanged for n
obeying his cruel Proclamation: A
it would have been a Mercy to *Ja*
Shore, if he had alſo hanged her wi
him. For the poor Baker's Executi
ſo terrified the People, they durſt affo
her no Relief. So that in piteous Rag
hardly enough to hide her Nakedne
ſhe went about a moſt deplorable a
truely miſerable and wretched Spect
cle, wringing her Hands, and ſadly l
menting and bemoaning her diſmal a
unhappy Condition.

And here, methinks, I cannot b
look back a little, and reflect upon t
ſtrange and amazing Change of worl
ly Glory, and indeed of all world
Things: They that had ſeen *Ja*
Shore in the Arms of King *Edwar*
the Chief in Favour, ſmiling on who
ſhe ſmiled, and frowning upon who
ſhe frowned; her Chamber, like an
ther Court of requeſts, being alwa
crouded with Petitioners; and cou
never have believed they ſhould e

have seen her neglected, scorn'd, vilifi ed, andreduced to that degree of Po verty and Want, that to have had th Liberty of Begging, would have bee esteemed a mighty Happiness: Sur it must be extreamly surprizing, tha she who was served in Plate, and treat ed with the costliest Viands, that eithe Art or Nature could procure, or Water Earth, or Air produce; that she, I say should ever be reduced to that extrean Degree of Misery, as to be forced to si on a Dunghill, and glad to eat th refuse of Dogs.

Thus as the Prince of Poets, *Virgi* tells us,

New turns and chances every Day,
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseats you, and parts;
But if she stays, or of she goes,
The wise man little Joy, or little Sorrow knows.
For over all, there hangs a doubtful Fate;
And few there are, who are always fortunate
One gains, by what another is bereft,
The frugal Destinies have only left,
A common Bank of Happiness below,

Maintain'd

Maintain'd like nature by an Ebb and Flow,
A strange Vicissitude of human Fate,
Still altering, never in a steady State.

But to return to *Jane Shore*: That she lived like a *Camelion*, almost upon nothing but Air, all the Time of King *Richard*, yet she made a Shift (tho' but a very poor one) to survive that Tyrant, who being slain in *Bosworth-field* (too honourable a Death for such a bloody Villain) his wretched Corps being stripped naked, and bloody as it was, laid upon a Horse, like a Calf, and carried to *Leicester* where it was for two Days exposed to the View of the People, and afterwards buried in the *Grey-Fryers* Monastery in the the Town. This Tyrant's Death gave a small Refuge to *Jane Shore*'s Miseries; for People then were not afraid to give her Relief; and tho' she was still forced to beg, yet this was a great Kindness to her, that People might bestow their Charity upon her, without Fear. But this was but like a little reviving before Death; For *Henry* the Seventh (who succeeded *Richard* the Third) having married *Elizabeth*, the eldest Daughter of

King *Edward* the Fourth, who hated *Jane Shore*, as much as her Father loved her, procured another Proclamation againſt *Jane Shore*, forbidding her to be relieved: Which again forced her to wander up and down, naked and helpleſs, and in as miſerable a Condition as before. So that now being deſtitute even of Hope itſelf, the only Comfort of the Miſerable, and growing old withal, ſhe finiſhed her wretched Life in a Ditch; which from her dying in it, does to this Day, retain the Name of *Shore's Ditch*: However, though her Sufferings in this World were exceeding great, and rendered her a truly miſerable Object; yet were they a Means of bringing her to a Sight of her Sins and a true Repentance for them; as appears by her dying Lamentation, with which I conclude her Life.

Jane Shore's *Lamentation at her Death.*

GOod People, tho' by the Rigour of the Laws you are forbid to give me any Relief, yet pray pity my diſtreſſed State, for the Scripture ſays, *That to the Miſerable, Pity ſhould be*

shewed; and that, and your Prayers is all I now ask for: For I am now putting a Period to a miserable Life; a Life that I have long been weary of. Nor is it my distressed Circumstances only makes me so much long for Death, I would not live again, although I were to live as I have done before, in all that Glory, and Pomp, the Pleasures of King *Edward*'s Court; No I am happier now upon this Dunghill, than I was ever in his Princely Arms. For, Oh, it was an adulterous Bed indeed, a Bed of Sorrow it has been to me, and filled me, with unutterable Griefs: Oh wretched, that ever I knew King *Edward*! That ever I was betrayed to his Embraces! What Floods of Sorrow has my Sin occasioned! But Tears can never wash my Sins away! O learn from me good People, to be weary of vain Delights and flesh-pleasing Joys; They promise fair, but leave such Stings behind 'em, as will eternally torment the Soul, and drag it down to everlasting Punishments; Alas! you think my Punishment is grievous here in this World, and so it is indeed, for I have endured a thousand Deaths in one; a thousand Deaths, and y

I could not die: But now my dying Moment's come, and I rejoice therein. Sincere Repentance has ſecured my Peace with Heaven above againſt whom I have ſinned! But Oh! where true Repentance is not given, what Seas of Torments wreck and drown the Soul! O happy Dunghill, how do I embrace thee! From thee my pardon'd Soul ſhall ſoar to Heaven, tho' in this Ditch I leave my filthy and polluted Carcaſs. O that the Name of *Shore* may be an Antidote to ſtop the poiſonous and foul Contagion of raging Luſt for ever!

Look not upon the gilded Baits of Sin,
For that the Ruin of *Jane Shore* has been.

Leaving by her Example, this Truth to Poſterity;

How ſo'ere we are, yet without doubt,
Or firſt or laſt, our Sins will find us out.

A SONG OF THE Suppoſed GHOST of *Shore*'s Wife.

To the Tune of, Live with me, &c.

DAME *Nature's Darling let me be,*
The Map of ſad Calamity;
For never none like Shore's *fair Wife,*
Had badder End, nor better Life;

For I had all the Royal Graces,
Of Edward's *Love, and ſweet Embraces.*
He being dead, my Joys did die,
And I grew hateful in each Eye;
Which made me thus complain and ſay,
The faireſt Flower will fade away:
So did I truſt too much the Smiles
Of wand'ring Time's bewitching Guiles.

From noble Blood I had no Birth,
My Heritage ſix Foot of Earth;
Though made but of the meaneſt Mould,
Yet Fortune gave me Gifts of Gold,
And deck'd my Face with Favours fair,
Like Phœbus *in the azure Air.*
My Shape was ſeemly to each Sight,
My Eyes in Looks were proved light;
My Countenance had ſober Grace,
Nor gave my Heart a Lover's *Place;*
Yet Woe is me, excepting this,
My King *won me to do amiſs.*

Had Nature made me Black or Brown,
I then had liv'd in good Renown:
But woe is me, my Peacock's Pride,
Did ſhow a Face as it was dy'd
With Nature's bluſhing Tapeſtry,
Which mov'd and lik'd a princely Eye.
I was entic'd by Trains of Truſt,
A King did love, conſent I muſt:

And

And so my Youth *did run astray,*
To be a Prince's wanton Prey:
Then try that List, and they shall prove
The ripest Wits will soonest love.

What need I more myself to clear,
Promotion blindeth Shame and Fear;
A King *did win me to his Call,*
A Hope, that Women seek for All;
For they misdoubt not following Harms,
Who lie and sleep in Princes Arms.
The Nightingale *with chearful Voice,*
Doth make the Hearers all rejoice;
So with the Lark I still did sing,
Sweet wanton Musick to my King;
And temper'd so my moving Tongue,
That at his Bosom still I hung.

My Gestures, Talk, and modest Grace,
Did bring my King *in such a Case,*
That I became his chiefest Hand,
And govern'd him that rul'd this Land:
I bore the Sword, he wore the Crown,
I struck the Stroke, but he cast down.
If I did frown, he look'd awry,
If I but spoke, none durst deny:
If I did smile, he sought aright,
And would with smiles, my smiles requite.
And hereupon I built my Bower,
And thought my sweet would ne'er turn sour.

My Fortune went beyond my Skill,
For I had Health and Eaſe at Will:
With Robes more brave than is the Sun,
So did my Fortune's Glaſs ſtill run:
That in theſe earthly Pleaſures clad,
A princely Place a Time I had.
At laſt this Bliſs was turn'd to Hate
And a ſad Reverſe of Fate,
For I was brought to Sorrow's Bands
Which made me weep and wring my Hands,
When Edward *dy'd, my chiefeſt Joy*
Was chang'd to Grief and ſad Annoy.

My King intomb'd and laid in Ground,
I was beſet with Sorrows round,
And Slanders falſely rais'd, that I
Gave Poiſon to his Majeſty;
Which mortal Hate, and cruel Spite,
Bereft me of my Fortune quite.
The Lord Protector being then,
My Foe, and worſt of living Men,
He judg'd me ſoon to live in Shame,
Though I deſerv'd no ſuch like Blame:
A Penance took by his Command,
With burning Taper in my Hand.

His wand'ring Eyes ſtar'd on my Face,
Meek Patience lent me modeſt Grace,
That I was prais'd of ev'ry Man,
Whilſt ſhame-fac'd Blood down my Cheeks ran

Ten

Ten Thousand said with sober Cheer,
It was a Grief to see me there.
My Pennance pass'd the Tyrant's *Mind*
To further Mischief was inclin'd;
He spoil'd my Goods, and gave Command
That none my succ'ring Friend should stan
And being left thus bare and poor,
I begg'd for Food from Door to Door.

Being thus cast down from princely fare,
Of Alms to take an hungry Share,
The Crumbs that fell from Blind and Lam
To pick them up I did me frame;
And thus by Prayer, and heav'd up Palm
I was enforc'd to live by Alms.
The golden Chains I us'd to wear,
Were chang'd to Rags both thin and bare;
I had no House to hide my Head,
The Streets and Stalls my nightly Bed:
My Flesh consum'd was like a Coarse,
Yet none of me must have Remorse.

At last thus ended this my Life;
Examples take both Maid and Wife:
For wanton Ways deceived me,
Though bolster'd out by Majesty.
The Time will change, says dying Shor
If thou misdo, offend no more.

ery neceſſary for all ſuch as are, or may be concern'd in Build-ings of any Kind.

The SECOND EDITION *of*

THE *London* and Country-Builder's Vade Mecum: or The compleat d univerſal Architect's Aſſiſtant. mprehending the *London* and Country ices of the different Works of Brick-yers, Maſons, Carpenters, Joyners, laziers, Plumbers, Slaters, Plaiſterers, inters, Paviours, Carvers, Smiths, c. Interſpers'd with ſuch uſeful and ceſſary Rules and Obſervations as are the greateſt Conſequence in eſtimating any Building. With a great Variety new and uſeful Tables, indiſpenſibly ceſſary for the more exact and expedi-us caſting up or eſtimating any ſort Work, *viz.* 1. A Table for the reduc-of Brick-Work of any Thickneſs to Statute Thickneſs of a Brick and a f. 2. A Table, which ſhews how ma-Bricks are ſufficient to build any Piece Brick-Work of any Number of Feet Thickneſs. 3. A Table, of Tiling, whereby

whereby is ſhewn how many Tiles w
cover any Roof. 4. Variety of Tabl
which ſhew the proper Scantling to c
Timber to fit for any Building, and
valuing the ſame, by the Foot lin
Meaſure. 5. A Table of Pavemen
ſhewing how many Bricks, Pamman
&c. will pave any Floor. 6. Variety
Tables, for ſhewing the Value of
Sorts of Nails, Bolts, Hinges, &c.
A Table of ſolid Meaſure, for meaſuri
of Timber or Ston that is either rou
ſquare, or unequal ſided, and the C
tent given in Feet, Inches, and Pa
8. A Table of flat Meaſure, for
meaſuring of Board, Plank, Glaſs, &
and the Content given in Feet, Inch
and Parts. 9. A Table for the re
caſting up what any Number of Fe
Yards, Squares, Rods, &c. come to
any Price by Foot, Yard, &c. Wit
compleat Index to the whole.

By WILLIAM SALMON,
Author of Palladio Londinenſis,

Printed for S. CROWDER and Co. faci
St. *Magnus* Church, *London-Bridge*.